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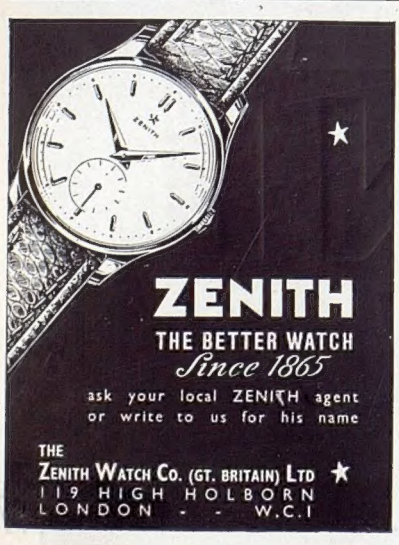


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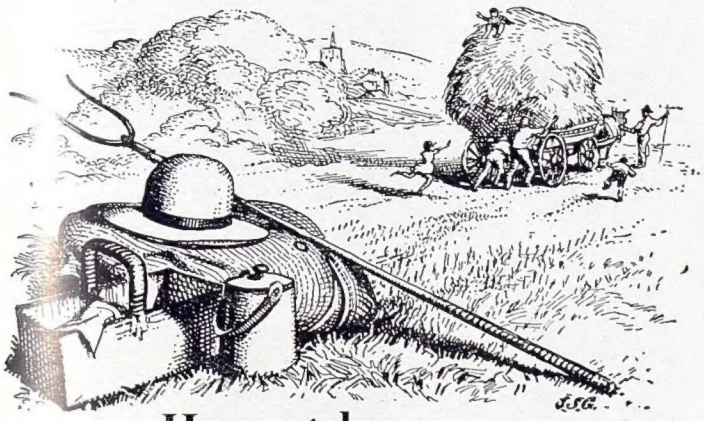
Raymond (raymond)
Hair (hair)
Scissors (scissors)
Comb (comb)
Sleek (sleek)
Flip (flip)
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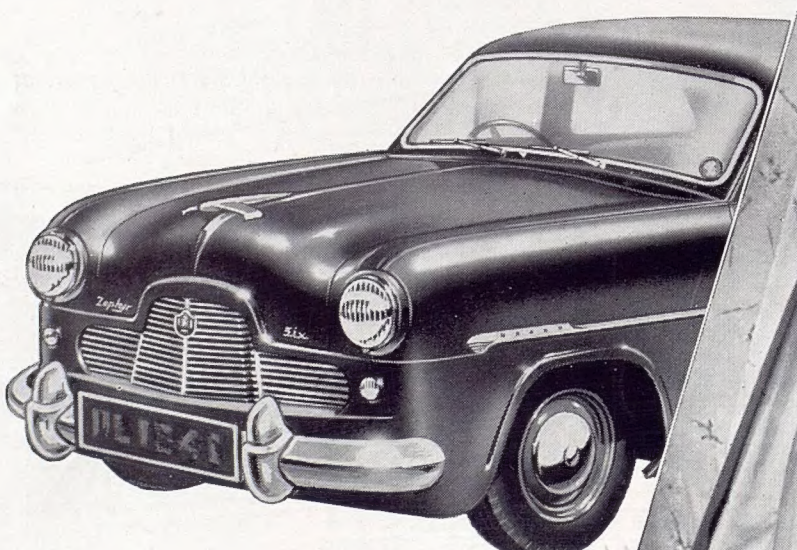
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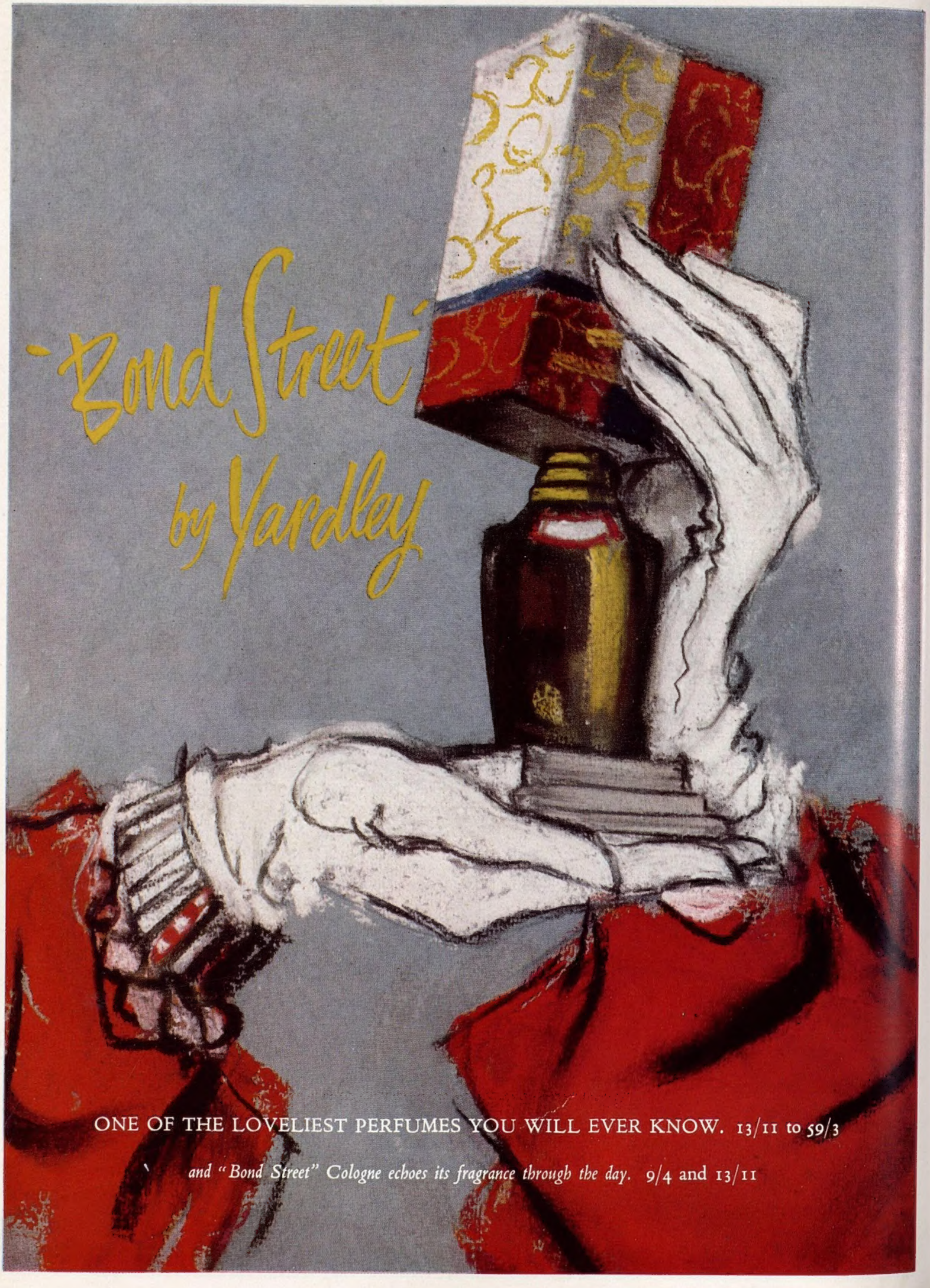
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The TATLER & BYSTANDER



Desmond O'Neill

DÉBUT AT THE CAVALRY CLUB

A PARTICULARLY charming débutante of this season is Miss Sarah Rose, who had a cocktail party given for her at the Cavalry Club in Piccadilly by her stepfather and mother, Col. R. J. Stephen, M.B.E., formerly commanding the 14/20 Hussars, and Mrs. Stephen, whose home is now in Jersey. They are seen here ready to welcome their guests. More pictures of the party will be found overleaf



Mr. David Hay, Miss Anne Stevenson-Hamilton and the Earl of Dumfries were three of the young people who gathered to wish Miss Rose the happiest of seasons



Early arrivals at the party were Mr. R. C. Ingoldby, Lady Morris and Miss A. McAuslan

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED GUESTS were present at the party given at the Cavalry Club to celebrate Miss Sarah Rose's début. It was a delightful evening, with an ease of atmosphere and gaiety which told of excellent planning

Social Journal **Jennifer**

Chelsea Was Bouquet For Queen Mother

THE new President of the Royal Horticultural Society, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, escorted his sister Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother around the exhibits at the Chelsea Flower Show a few hours before it was opened to the members. Other Royal visitors that morning included Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent with Princess Alexandra, and Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone.

There was a magnificent display for them to see. Some of the exhibits this year seemed even bigger and brighter than ever before. Outstanding were Allwoods' stand of exquisite carnations, and Waterers' superb show of rhododendrons and azaleas, some of the flowers of the latter being nearly as big as rhododendrons. They had an especially fine exhibit of the striking new orange azalea "Eisenhower." Waterers also had a very fine show of iris, including some of New Zealand origin, among them a lovely specimen of "Pinnacle," pure white and pure yellow.

Mr. Philip Sutton, one of the most knowledgeable men in the horticultural world (and, incidentally, a great authority on cattle), was receiving many congratulations on Suttons' stupendous exhibit of hot-house annuals and outdoor annuals, all grown from seed, though many of the latter were out of season. These included a dazzling show of gloxinias, with brilliant flame red clearodendron fallax behind, giant rose pink and other coloured nemesia, a group of very effective white petunias, and a bed of Giant Rocket stocks. Among other exhibits were Bees' bold show of herbaceous plants and their stand of clematis varieties, Thomas Rochfords' hydrangeas, including some magnificent white ones, Blackmore and Langdons' delphiniums and Dobbies' superb dahlias. The latter firm also showed some exquisite tulips cleverly staged, unrelieved by green foliage, against a dead white background.

Going round the show later in the day were Lady Cornwallis, in navy blue, ordering plants for her garden in Kent, as was Mrs. John Dewar for her home in Sussex. I met Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower who have a pleasant terraced garden in Surrey, and Mrs. William Carr, owner of a lovely garden in Norfolk. She told me that both her daughters, the Marchioness of Lothian and Viscountess Tamworth, were expecting babies at the end of this month. The former already has one son and three little girls and the latter one little boy of eighteen months.

Lady Hothfield was inspecting the various exhibits of orchids, some of which had come direct from Singapore. Sir Hugh Smiley, Mr. Edward Barford and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys were going round the big tent methodically, and I met Sir Giles and Lady Loder talking to Mr. G. Pinckney. The Loders have a very beautiful garden at their home in Sussex, which is renowned for its flowering shrubs. It was open to the public twice a week during May and Lady Loder told me they had had two or three thousand people to see the garden each time, and if the weather was fine they expected about five thousand on the final day.

★ ★ ★

MORE than five hundred guests attended the Anglo-Argentine Society's brilliant ball at the Dorchester. The Argentine Ambassador, Dr. Don Domingo A. Derisi, president of the Society, had arranged for the cabaret, a pair of dancers who danced Argentine national dances, and a tango band, to fly over from Paris for the evening, and their performance was much appreciated. The Argentine Foreign Minister had a slight chill and could not attend the ball, but the Argentine Minister of Economic Affairs, Dr. Alfredo Gomez Morales, who accompanied him on their trade mission to London, was there.

The most striking figure at the ball was the lovely Princess of Berar who sat at the Ambassador's table. She wore a dress of peach *mousseline de soie* with an exquisite necklace—rows and rows of uncut rubies with diamonds between. Others in the Ambassador's party were the Minister of State and Mrs. Selwyn Lloyd, Mlle. Alexa Khouri, Violetta Elvin who has made such a successful return to the ballet at Covent Garden after her injury, and Capt. Anthony Kimmins, R.N., and Mrs. Kimmins. Viscount Davidson, chairman of the Society, and Viscountess Davidson, M.P., had the Minister of Food and Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George in their party, also Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, M.P. for Chislehurst, and Señor Grumbach, Governor of the Central Bank of the Argentine.

Mr. Evelyn Baring, vice-chairman of the Society, had the guest of honour, Dr. Alfredo Gomez Morales, at his table, also Mrs. Marie-Luisa Arnold, who as a fluent speaker of Spanish and French was an invaluable interpreter. Others in this party were Mr. and Mrs. John Phillimore, and the Rt. Hon. Derick Heathcoat-Amory. Besides members of the Argentine delegation, many M.P.s, members of the Diplomatic Corps and of the Latin-American colony in London were present at this very enjoyable ball.

★ ★ ★

ON a summer's evening, the large drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks's lovely home in Hyde Park Gardens makes a splendid setting for a party, for the three long French windows open out over the gardens below and the park beyond. It was a very warm evening when they recently gave a gay cocktail party, yet the room remained perfectly cool. The occasion was primarily in honour of Mr. Tiarks's brother, Mr. Peter Tiarks, and his wife Lady Diana Tiarks, who have just returned with their children from South Africa where they have spent several years farming. They have now bought Melplash Court, near Bridport in Dorset, from Mr. Jack Dunfee and are proposing to farm there.

Members of the Diplomatic Corps at the party were the French Ambassador, the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, and the Spanish Ambassador who was going to Spain the following day. Major Richard and Lady Katherine Brandram were early arrivals, and I met Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Countess of Midleton who are both near neighbours in Hyde Park Gardens, and Lady Hoyer-Miller who had flown over from Germany to pay one of her periodical visits to her father.

SEVERAL M.P.s were at the party including Sir David Eccles, Mr. John Foster, Q.C., and Mr. Duncan Sandys who was talking to Lt.-Col. Edward Remington-Hobbs, who has just returned from a business trip to America, the Bahamas and the West Indies. Lord and Lady Monson brought their sixteen-year-old daughter the Hon. Sandra Monson, who told me she was returning to her finishing school in Switzerland the next day. Lord Mancroft was talking with Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez. The latter, looking pretty in black with a large black hat, was going to Spain a few days later.

Mr. Ivan Ivanovic came with his lovely wife, and



Miss Dinah Hartley and her brother, Mr. Christopher Hartley, comparing notes with Mrs. M. Bradish-Ellames



Miss Camilla Tudor, also a débutante this year, in conversation with Miss Catherine Lycett-Green



Mrs. Denis Daly was enjoying a joke with her husband and Miss Sarah Milburn

her guests at this cheerful party were Brig. and rs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, the Countess of naldshay, Mrs. Ronald Colman who was pecting her film star husband from California a uple of days later, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, r. Billy Wallace, Mrs. Diana Walker and Lord ndonald. Henrietta Tiarks, looking sweet with hair cut with a fringe, was helping her parents k after their guests.

★ ★ ★

WENT to the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth in Circus Road, St. John's Wood, for the unveiling of a plaque by the Minister of lth, Mr. Iain Macleod, in the new children's d. This was to commemorate, as it said, the ng kindness of friends known and unknown, se generosity had made possible the building he new children's wing now under construction. actual building of the wing had been made ible by the trustee of the late E. W. Jeffrey's te, and the equipment provided by the trustees he late Col. E. S. Halford's estate, while the g Edward's Hospital Fund has given a grant many donations of sixpence upwards have ed towards the cost. Nevertheless, still more is led.

his hospital, which is one of the best equipped finest in the country, has never come under National Health Service and is entirely run by ntary contributions. It has a very interesting ry, as it was founded at the end of the Crimean and placed under the care of four ers of Mercy who had just returned from the imea where they had been members of the ngel Band." It started in Great Ormond et, and moved to its present fine building at the n of the century.

THE tradition of the four original Sisters is continued in the hospital today. It is entirely thanks to the wonderful devotion of the Sisters of Mercy, who train as nurses and give their lives to caring for and serving the sick, which makes this such a magnificent hospital, and enables it to achieve a standard of excellence otherwise impossible with the high cost of everything today. Happily many people who formerly made gifts to other hospitals, now nationalised, and executors of trusts left at their discretion to charity, have realized the great work of this hospital and its income has doubled since 1947. Many more would support it if they could see the quiet, serene efficiency that prevails there.

It was interesting to hear that although the hospital is run by Catholics, about three-quarters of the patients are non-Catholics, for all denominations are cared for when they are sick.

AT the unveiling, the chairman of the hospital, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Henry Hope, spoke first. He was followed by Mr. Macleod who said how pleased he was that he, as Minister of Health, had been asked to perform this ceremony in spite of the hospital being outside the National Health Service, and referred to the splendid work done by hospitals run by religious orders. Sir David Davies, one of the physicians to the hospital, followed him. Major Robert O'Brien, the vice-chairman, in his speech referred to the intimate connection the hospital had always had with the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The chairman then introduced what he described as "The Doyen of Medicine," Lord Horder, who made a brief address. Mrs. Macleod was at the unveiling and others present included the Mayor of Marylebone, Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P. for that borough, and Lady Wakefield, the Mother Superior, the Matron, Sister Mary Dunstan, Lady Davies, Lord and Lady Dormer, Lord Sempill, Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd George, Dr. Copeman, Lord Howard of Glossop, Sir Charles Dodds, Lt.-Col. Elwes and Dr. Alan Moncrieff.

THE Church of St. John of Jerusalem attached to the hospital is the church of the English Knights of Malta, and contains beautiful stalls inlaid with the Maltese Cross, which the Knights occupy at the services of the Order. It is an architectural treasure and, built originally in 1865, was moved stone by stone and re-erected on its present site in 1896 under the supervision of Sir George Bowyer, a Knight of Malta. It has some very fine plate including a chalice presented to the Knights of Malta by Pope Pius II.

Much valued by the hospital, though of no great intrinsic worth, is a plaster statuette of Our Lady and the Christ Child which was taken to the Crimea by Sister Stanilaus and the three other Sisters, and brought back by them.

★ ★ ★

I WENT in after dinner for a short while to the banquet and dance given by the Shropshire Society in London, at the Park Lane Hotel. Lady Wakeman, the first woman to be president since the society was formed fifty-five years ago, presided, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed.

After dinner, and before dancing began, there were several speeches, given by, among others, Sir Thomas White, the High Commissioner for Australia, Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, and Lt.-Col. Langford Holt, M.P. for Shrewsbury, who proposed the health of the president. Others at the dinner included Viscount and Viscountess Bridgeman and their daughter the Hon. Susan Bridgeman, the Earl and Countess of Plymouth, the Mayor and Mayoress of Oswestry, Alderman and Mrs. Milton Francis and Major and Mrs. Kent Leedham, who had come up from Ellesmere.

★ ★ ★

SIR WELDON AND LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS, who have been travelling, are now back in their beautiful Bryanston Square house. Here Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who is a wonderful hostess, has been giving a series of luncheon parties. These are very pleasant affairs, lovely flowers are arranged in the first-floor drawing-room and there is invariably a delicious lunch, for the hostess has an excellent cook. Among friends lunching with her recently on two consecutive days were Lady Simonds, wife of the Lord Chancellor, who now spends much of his spare time fishing, Princess de Chimay, Lady Greville, Mrs. Macleod the charming wife of the Minister of Health, Mrs. Joseph Mackle who with her husband is shortly going for a tour through Switzerland, Italy and Capri, the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby, who is having a busy season entertaining for her débutante daughter Sally Clive, and Lady Wilkinson, whose husband

[Continued overleaf]



Also coming out this year are Miss Fiona Lomax and Miss Rosemary Loring, here chatting together



Stopping for a word with Mr. Anthony Wallace-Turner was Miss Caroline Whittington-Moë



JUBILEE OF THE ENTENTE CORDIALE will be commemorated at the Anglo-French Ball at the Dorchester on June 22. A committee meeting to make final arrangements was held recently at the French Embassy residence, where Mrs. Laurence Neal is seen with the ball chairman, Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

New Scots Deb Had Helpers

was one of the most popular Lord Mayors of London.

The following day Lady Dalrymple-Champneys's guests included Marchesa Farachi, who was before her marriage Princess Katherine of Russia, and a niece of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia who was murdered in Marseilles, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, who has that great gift of being a splendid conversationalist, Lady Mountevans, the Hon. Mrs. Marcus Cheke, and Mrs. Creasy whose husband is Naval Attaché at the U.S. Embassy.

★ ★ ★

MISS FIONA MUNRO, who looked charming in an off the shoulder dress of sea blue paper taffeta, stood for some time receiving the guests with her grandmother Mrs. Kenneth Hunter and her mother Lady Munro, at the coming out dance which they gave for her at the Hyde Park Hotel. Mrs. Hunter, who wore a diamond tiara with her beaded hyacinth blue satin dress, and her daughter Lady Munro, who also wore a magnificent diamond tiara, ear-rings and necklace with her scarlet faille dress, had Mr. Kenneth Hunter and Sir Torquil Munro to help them receive their guests.

These included not only this year's débutantes but several who came out last year and the year before, which helped to give the dance tremendous impetus from the start. Among older friends of the family who came to the dance for a short while were Lady Patricia Ramsay, looking charming in grey chiffon, with Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsay, and the Lord Chancellor and Lady Simonds, Lady Munro's sister Mrs. Kemp-Welch, Mr. Patrick Stormonth-Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Uvedale Lambert and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Abrahams.

Every young girl was fitted into a dinner party for the dance, and among those who gave these parties were the Earl and Countess of Mansfield who brought their elder daughter Lady Malvina Murray, a Coronation year débutante, who looked sweet in a full-skirted white tulle dress, with Miss Anne Abel-Smith, the Hon. Gillian Cecil who also came out last year, Sir James Cayzer, Lord Leslie and Lt. David Bailey, R.N. Lady Sylvia Combe in sapphire blue satin and a silver fox stole, brought her son and daughter, Robin and Rowena, with Miss Fiona Douglas-Home, Lord O'Neill and his sister the Hon. Fionn O'Neill, Sub-Lt. David Fryer and Mr. John Hervey-Bathurst.

OTHERS who gave dinner parties included the Earl and Countess of Northesk, Mr. Gwyn and Lady Audrey Morris, Lady Lyell, Brig. Ronald and the Hon. Mrs. Senior, Admiral and Lady Mary Abel-Smith, Mr. Esmond Baring, Lord and Lady Forteviot, Mrs. Edward des Graz, Sir John and Lady Child, Lady Howard-Vyse and Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell.

Young people I saw dancing included Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, Miss Anna Casey, Lady Rosemary Mackay dancing with Mr. Stephen Carden, Miss Lavinia Hugonin in red, Miss Caroline Blackett partnered by Mr. James Judd, Mr. Peter Stanley, Miss Linda McNair Scott, Miss Claire Baring, Miss Jennifer Brocas-Burrows dancing with Mr. Richard Rhys, Miss Sarah Askew, and Miss Diane du Boulay with Sir Thomas Pilkington who came with Major and Mrs. du Boulay's party, which also included Miss Virginia Murray, Sir Nicholas Nuttall and Mr. John Smiley.

An eightsome followed by a foursome was the only interlude to ballroom dancing which went on until 3 a.m., at which hour nearly as many couples were dancing as there had been during the first hour; which showed what a wonderful ball it had been.

★ ★ ★

THE long drawing-room of the Cavalry Club resounded with happy laughter and gay voices, when I arrived at the very good cocktail party which Col. and Mrs. R. J. Stephen gave for Mrs. Stephen's pretty débutante daughter Miss Sarah Rose. Many of the young people I have already mentioned were at this party before they came on to Fiona's dance, while others included Mr. John Slesinger, Miss Sally Hughes-Onslow, Miss Dinah Hartley and Mr. Peter Glossop. Miss Carolyn Barclay, Miss Diana Child, the Earl of Dumfries, Miss Philippa Cobbold and Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling, who were at Fiona Munro's dance later, were also guests at this party.

★ ★ ★

SIR HAROLD WERNHER, President of the Anglo-Swedish Society, presided at the first dinner-dance the society has held since the war. This took place at Claridge's, and was attended by 150 guests, who were received by Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher. After dinner there were several speeches, the first by Sir Harold, who spoke about the Society. He was followed by Sir Norman Birkett, definitely one of the best after-dinner speakers in the country today. In his quiet, amusing way, never to be forgotten by those who listened during the war to his fireside talks on the radio as "Onlooker," he told of the happy holidays he had spent in Sweden with his Swedish-born wife who was at the dinner. Finally the Swedish Ambassador, M. Gunnar Hägglöf, made a brief but exceedingly good speech, after which the dancing began.

Among those present were Sir Victor and Lad Mallet—he was our Minister in Sweden from 1940-45, and later Ambassador in Spain, then Italy—Count and Countess Brockenhuus-Schack Brig. Sir Henry and Lady Mackeson, Cou Lewenhaupt and Lord Kilmarnock, who h business interests in Sweden.

Photographs of the dance will be found pages 572-3.

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"NIGHT OF ONE HUNDRED STARS" is the tit of the superb midnight revue which is t be given at the London Palladium on June 2 This is in aid of the Actors' Orphanage of whi Noël Coward is the very go-ahead and dilige president. Each year he works hard raising mone for the orphanage, and is going to sing some of h own songs during the show.

Among the brilliant array of talent he has go to perform on the same programme are Robe Morley, Evelyn Laye, Laurence Olivier and Vivie Leigh, John Mills, Gladys Cooper, Dougla Fairbanks, Frankie Howerd, Margaret Lockwood, the Crazy Gang and Marlene Dietrich, who so many people are looking forward to seeing on the stage instead of on the screen. Seats, which are sure to be sold out very early for this very great midnight performance, can be obtained from *Night Of One Hundred Stars* Box Office, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL are once again allowing the grounds of their home Chartwell, Westerham, Kent, to be open to the public on June 16 in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association. The only other occasion on which the grounds will be open will be July 14, in aid of local church funds. The public will be admitted from 10.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. and refreshments will be served in the grounds from 11 a.m.



Mrs. Eric Paterson, Mrs. Anthony Wallers and Mme. Bouchend'homme, deputy chairman of the Anglo-French ball, at the committee meeting

★ ★ ★

LADY GEORGE SCOTT, who paints under her maiden name of Molly Bishop, is having an exhibition of her portraits and drawings at Parson's Gallery in Grosvenor Street, from June 15 to July 2. Among those kindly lending pictures for the exhibition are her sister-in-law the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Irene Astor, Lady Bridget Garnett and many more.

LATIN-AMERICAN ÉLAN CAME TO LONDON

GUEST of honour at the Anglo-Argentine Ball was Dr. Morales, Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs, visiting this country. The three hundred guests enjoyed an evening of great vivacity, with an exhibition of Argentine folk-dancing at midnight by a company from Paris. Jennifer describes the occasion on p. 566



Miss Violetta Elvin, the ballerina, and her husband, Mr. S. Weinberger, were welcomed by the Argentine Ambassador, H.E. Dr. Derisi. The ball was initiated by a reception and dinner



Viscountess Davidson, M.P., was partnered by the Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Souza Leao Gracie, in a quick step—



—while here Mme. de Icaza, wife of the Mexican Ambassador, and Mr. D. Lezica-Alvear were dancing a foxtrot



An early couple on the dance floor after dinner were Lady Salisbury-Jones and Capt. Anthony Kimmins, R.N.



H.E. the Nepalese Ambassador, Gen. Shanker, explaining a point to Mme. J. C. Carras at the reception



Senhora Gracie, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, and Mr. Evelyn Baring were in conversation



Mrs. Selwyn Lloyd, wife of the Minister of State, Foreign Affairs, with Major-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones



Lord Brooke impressed as a "no nonsense" police sergeant



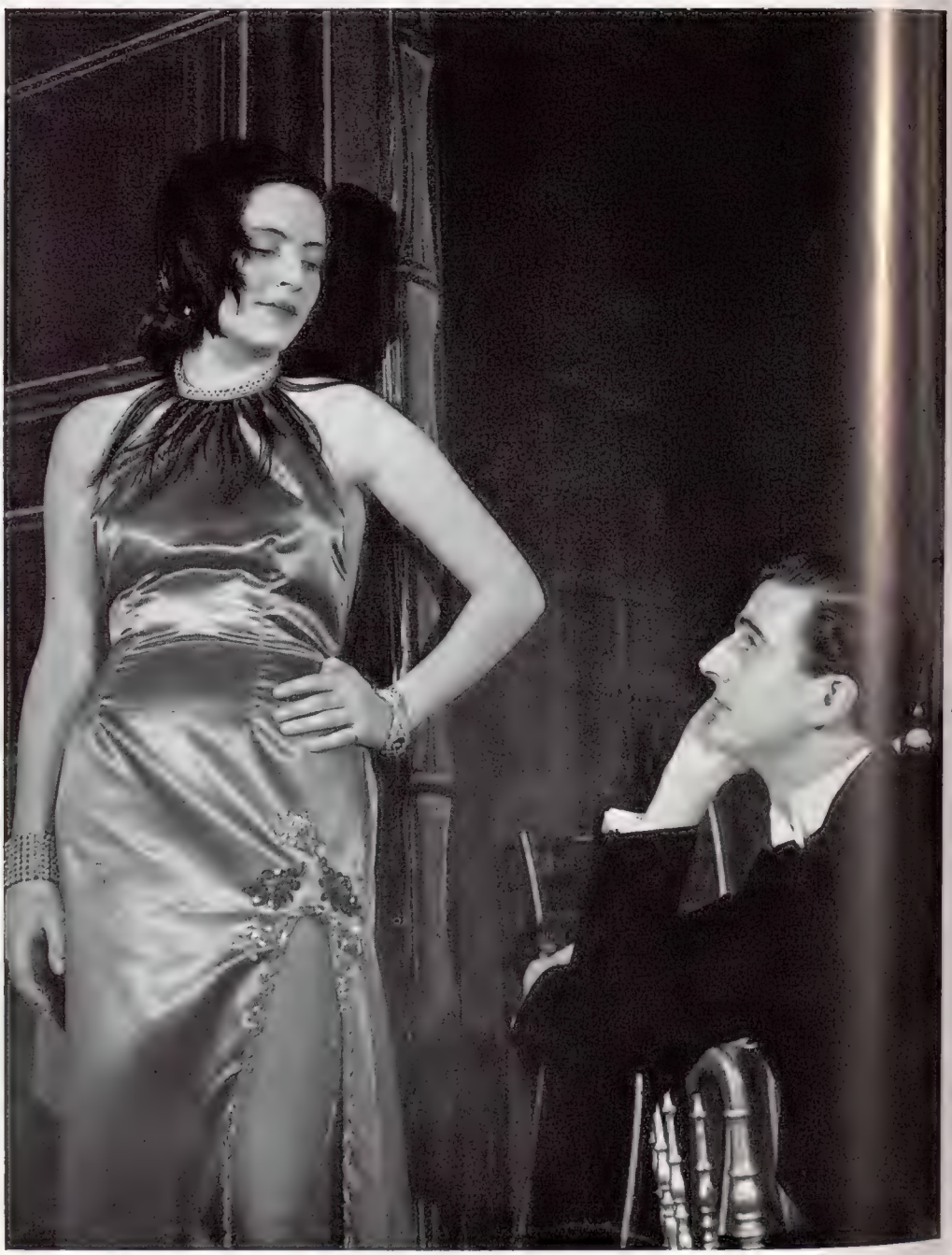
The Hon. James Tennant (right) as club owner, lays down the law to Viscount Norwich. The three performances aided the Invalid Children's Air Fund

THE "MAYFAIR REP" STAGED A THRILLER

THAT distinguished company of amateurs who in 1953 produced "Lord And Lady Algy" for charity, this year revelled—as did their audiences at the Scala Theatre—in the sumptuous action and unbounded fantasy of Edgar Wallace's thriller, "The Frog," which was first seen in 1936. H.R.H. Princess Margaret was the able assistant director



Chorines (Misses Idina Peacock, Davina Portman) with Joshua (Mr. C. Bridge)



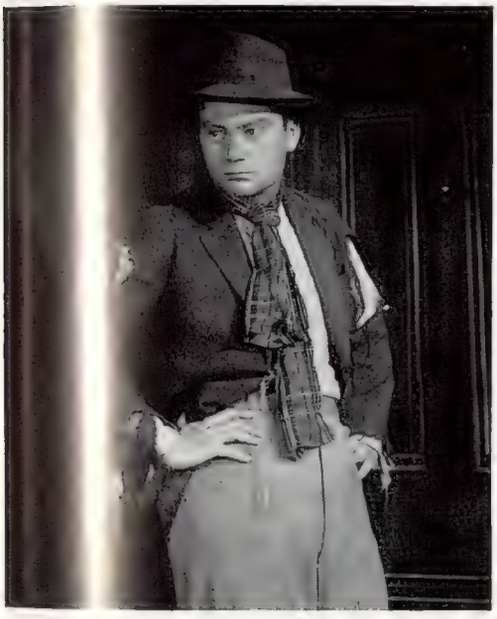
The melodrama is laced with sentiment, thus—Roy (the Hon. Dominic Elliot): "Lola, darling, may I ask you a question?" Lola (Miss Venetia Murray): "Is it the usual one?"



A cosy corner of Scotland Yard, with Mr. Billy Wallace, Mr. Christopher Bridge, Miss Venetia Murray, the Hon. Dominic Elliot and Lord Porchester



Miss Elsa Maxwell, as a torch singer, renders that heart-tearing lyric "Some Of These Days" with a background of chorus girls



Pathos, too, creeps in as evidenced by Adams, the man-of-work (the Hon. Peter Ward)



Det.-Sgt. Elk (Lord Porchester) reveals an infallible lie-detection method for ladies



Baron

Finest shriek of the evening was indubitably that of Mrs. Gerald Legge, when confronted by the horrific Frog himself, a telling study in the macabre by the Hon. Colin Tennant

FRIENDS ACROSS THE NORTH SEA

THE draped flags of two nations were a silent but effective sign of friendship at the Anglo-Swedish dinner and ball held recently at Claridge's. Many distinguished guests were present, and in all 150 members and their friends dined and danced. Jennifer describes it on page 568



Waiting to receive their guests before dinner were the President of the Anglo-Swedish Society, Sir Harold Wernher, Bt., and his wife, Lady Wernher, with the Secretary of the Society, Mrs. Ulla Clogg



An animated discussion was going on between Lord Kilmarnock and Count and Countess Brockenhuus-Schack



Sir Victor Mallet, who was with the diplomatic service in Sweden during the war, entertained Mme. Kleen



While Lady Mallet was recounting an amusing incident for the benefit of Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, Bt.



After making his speech, H.E. the Swedish Ambassador resumed conversation with Lady Mackeson



Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Sturge, Mrs. A. W. Sturge and Mr. Anthony Bernard sat in a quiet corner during an interval in the dancing and enjoyed a drink and a chat



Mrs. L. Read, wearing an unusual embroidered Eastern gown, danced an old-fashioned waltz with Brigadier Read



Also among those present on this most enjoyable occasion were Mrs. J. E. Rydemark and Baron Ove Thott



Miss Joan Scrivener and her brother, Mr. Dick Scrivener, who were doing a quick-step, saw some friends on the dance floor



In smiling approval of Anglo-Swedish friendship, Miss Gunilu Tham was partnered by Mr. Peter Lord

AT THE RACES

The Constant Winner

• ***Sabretache*** •

MOST bookmakers will tell you that they never win, or, at best, just get "over round." But the fact remains that the Book in the end is almost certain to win, much or little as it may be. Even if the volume of antepost betting is not what it was in the days of "The Mad Marquess," it still persists, and this year's Derby ought to have been a good one for the layers, because a good many of them were backed, and at least the first four were within a few points of one another.

It is only when there is a raging hot favourite and nothing else much backed that the bookmakers' sole chance is for an outsider to crop up.

There was no need for Premonition to win the Yorkshire Cup (two miles) to tell us that he was a good horse, because we knew that already. What we wanted to be sure of was that he had really recovered from his maltreatment by the French jockeys in last year's Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe. But for being struck, Premonition must have won that race. Of that there was no doubt. If he had won he would have taken a very considerable amount of money out of France.

> AT the time it was made very light of in the press, but as a matter of fact it was no light matter at all, and it might have resulted in very serious damage. When a horse is galloped into from behind it quite often brings him down and in a close-packed field others would undoubtedly have been involved, and probably something would have been killed as well as a jockey or two. Premonition's back tendon was not severed, but it is a very vulnerable point, exactly as our Achilles tendon is. He might never have raced again, and lots of us thought he would not.
>
> However, all anxiety is now over, for Premonition has decisively beaten a good class field of handicappers over two miles of Yorkshire's Knavesmire, and provided he does not go near any more odd riders, he would seem to have his main target, the Ascot Gold Cup, well and truly within his sight. He probably will win some other cups as well, notably at Goodwood, but I presume that his owner would prefer the Ascot one. Many congratulations upon a happy issue out of an affliction which never ought to have come upon this very good horse.

INCIDENTALLY, there is only one course over which Premonition is unlikely to win—Epsom. He showed us very plainly last year that, like many other big ones, he cannot come downstairs, and that is why I think that any owner of these outsize animals is very fortunate if he discovers that his possession can. These big horses may have pace enough to get to the top of the hill, but it is when they turn left to come down it that the trouble happens.

We have seen this demonstrated so often that we ought to have learned wisdom by now. The worst of it is that so few of us do! *Humanis est errare: insipientis perseverare!* How true that has always been, and always will be. The transgressor never learns wisdom. If he did he would never go to prison twice.



It does not seem to be possible to name one to beat Premonition at Ascot and in spite of our being agreed that there never has been such a thing as "a racing certainty," he looks rather like one!



THE UNPROGRESSIVES. Firs, the old servant (Hugh Pryse), Gayeff (Esme Percy) and his sister, Mme. Ranevsky (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies), listen spellbound but with little joy to the ideas of the merchant, Lopahin (Trevor Howard), for replanning their cherry orchard

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

"The Cherry Orchard" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

AUTHENTIC renderings of *The Cherry Orchard* in this country are not after all so rare as we are apt forgetfully to suppose. I remember four; and four can be accounted a lot. Here is yet another, brought off this time by a hand-picked company directed with imaginative expertness by Sir John Gielgud. We can be as grateful for it as though it were something that had never happened before, more especially since it is rather a long while since the London theatre made any comparable addition to the delicate pleasures of life.

Of course you find considerable and often delightful differences between one authentic rendering and another. No playgoer has ever seen or ever will see Chekhov's Madame Ranevsky. For the image formed in Chekhov's mind has always on the stage to be translated for us in terms of other minds which can never be identical with his. As Chekhovians ourselves and duly entitled to our own view of his characters, we may think that Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies makes a shade too much of the radiantly feckless creature's capacity really to feel the loss of the orchard.

Is not her moment of despair, when at last she realizes that her childhood's home has gone for ever, closer than it should be to tragedy? Perhaps it is. Certainly Dame Edith Evans and Miss Athene Seyler were alike in the care they took not to load this moment with more intensity than it would naturally bear in the life of a woman accustomed to play-act her every feeling.

But we can side on this point with Miss Ffrangcon-Davies's predecessors and still be sure that her performance but for this single misjudgment remains authentic in its gently teasing grace. It has an insidious power to waken whatever sympathies may lie dormant in our own natures with those who let lie the intolerably strenuous practical demands of the world slip by to the accompaniment of agreeable sighs and rhapsodies of regret.

Praise for the Lopahin of Mr. Trevor Howard admits of no reservation. Mr. Howard is exactly right as the self-made peasant who tries to do his best for the great family to whose serfs his father belonged. He is defeated by their incurable aversion to action of any sort and buys the estate only when he sees that its sale is inevitable. How wonderfully he conveys in his moment of triumph the struggle between the vulgarity of which he is aware as an inheritance from his serf descent and his natural decency of heart; and no less wonderfully done is the scene where this same awareness of social inferiority will not let him utter the words which the better born woman is desperate to hear said. And how exquisitely Miss Pauline Jameson takes her share in this scene—the only scene in the play which is wholly tragic and the one where the tragedy consists in the actors finding nothing to say. It is to be noted with what poignancy Miss Jameson invests Varya's apparently casual indication through the evening that she must do more and more housework or go mad with frustration. This is a lively performance.



CLERKLY ALARM is displayed by Epihodoff (Robert Eddison) at the sentimental débâcle

So in its lesser way is that of Miss Shirley Roberts, a recent R.A.D.A. graduate, as Madame's daughter trying silently to help the ludicrously clumsy Epihodoff to make love in the moonlight. Mr. Robert Eddison makes the fellow's calamitous clumsiness as pathetic as it is comic. Mr. Esme Percy lightly and expressively sketches the decayed aristocrat who cannot stop talking, but he brings out inadequately, I think, both what is ludicrous and what is mildly horrifying in Gayeff's obsession with billiards.

Mr. David Markham is admirable as the perpetual student whose personal despair is as deep as his hopes for mankind are high, and Mr. George Howe presses just the proper quantity of broad fun out of the fat, jovial sponger who boasts his descent from the horse which Caligula made a senator.

All the performances clearly owe much to the general control of rhythm established by a director who has studied every part with loving care and understands perfectly how to manage the ever-changing moods of a play which without the help of verse perhaps matches *Twelfth Night* in loveliness.



Gathered for an early aperitif at the Drill Hall, Hornsey, were Mrs. Marshall, Major P. D. H. Marshall, O.C. Middlesex Regt. Depot, Mrs. Robbins, Lt.-Col. J. D. Robbins, O.B.E., T.D., former C.O. of the 2/7th Bn., Mrs. Johnson, and Lt.-Col. A. K. Johnson, T.D., a former C.O. of the 7th Bn.

"THE DIEHARDS"—nickname earned by the Middlesex Regiment at Albuhera—had a most successful ball at the headquarters of the 7th Battalion. Guests saw the magnificent Regimental plate, and took refreshment in a bar cleverly constructed to resemble a dug-out



Lt. Peter Lane was relating the gallant history of a silver bugle to Miss Gae Jarvis



Col. J. N. Maitland, M.B.E., M.C., T.D., the Hon. Col., and Lord Latham, Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex



Standing: Capt. J. D. Gunnell and Lt. M. McDavid. Sitting: Miss J. McDavid, Mrs. M. McDavid and Miss J. Pearce



Miss Rosemary Hines was having some features of a silver centre-piece explained to her by Lt. A. H. Catchpole

London Limelight



Fun by the Grand Canal is projected by Ivan Staff, Prunella Scales, Cyril Luckham and Donald Pleasence

"Vita Brevis"—or Bax To The Wall

CARLO GOLDONI (1707-93) was a prolific fellow in the commedia dell'arte field, but *The Impresario from Smyrna* is clearly a minor work. Clifford Bax's translation, now at the Arts, keeps inferring that a touch of Restoration wit is going to pop up in a moment, if one has the patience to listen, but it never does.

The play is a long satire on the manners and morals of ladies in Venice calling themselves opera singers, very handsomely decked out by Disley Jones. Wit being absent, the producer might well have flavoured the evening with a spice of vulgarity which the author intended.

In this matter Jessie Evans, the best Miss Hoyden for years, did her admirable best, but the remaining members seemed over-awed by the elegance of their costumes. Donald Pleasence, in splendidly squalid rags, is a notable exception to this charge. He is one of those rarities who can confer distinction with the lift of an eyebrow. This was as neat a piece of show-stealing as I 've seen for many weeks.

"CURTAIN UP" describes itself as the only Repertory Theatre magazine, and it is published for the entertainment of Theatre Royal, Windsor, patrons. Always bright, always readable, it frequently has features far in advance of ordinary "fan" publicity. The current issue, for example, has a succinct exposition of the playwright's problems, by John Counsell, which is as sound (and as frightening) as a lecture to earnest students from a senior housemaster should be. One enlarges on the possibilities of this form of journalism with hesitation, but consider the potential readership of, for example, *Littler's Own, Tennent's Gazette, Parnell's Bugle and Plain Dealer*, and, of course, a publication which might well be called *The Weekly Kiss of Death.*

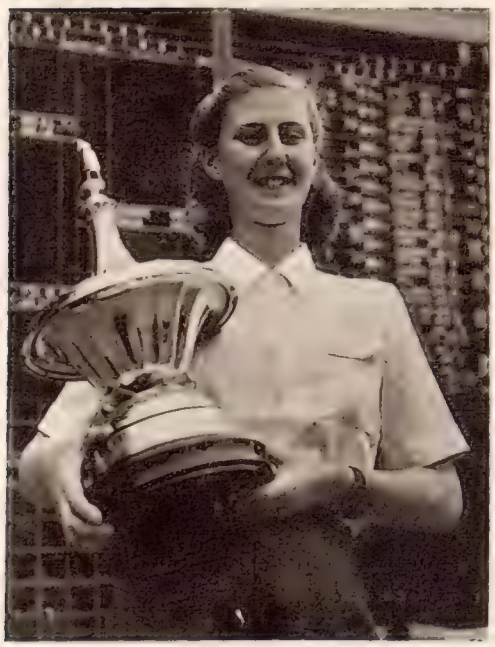
IN a Copenhagen newspaper I observe the headline "Dronningen kunne ikke begribe det," which may be translated by bi-lingual and erudite readers (such as you and me) as meaning "The Queen could not understand it." The story is of George Braund the conjuror, who has performed, as they used to say, "before all the crowned heads of Europe," and has been appearing in that glittering northern capital with considerable success. All this is entirely logical, for this particular giant deals in those forms of magic which are so infuriating on one's table at a cabaret.

For amateurs of linguistics I commend the phrase "Er De da ikke jordens heldigste mand, jublede den charmentend elefant," which could perhaps be rendered, "You lucky so-and-so, said the jubilant elephant."

—Youngman Carter



SIR T. O. M. SOPWITH AND LADY SOPWITH with the all-time record catch for the river of summer run salmon which, with two other rods, they caught in the Test, Hampshire. The twenty-one fish, average weight 13 lb., are laid out in the grounds of Sir Thomas and Lady Sopwith's home, Compton Manor, King's Somborne, near Stockbridge



MISS M. FOWLER, winner of the Silver Award in the Daks Ladies' National Tournament at Wentworth Golf Club, Surrey, with her trophy. She is a member of the North Berwick Glen G.C.

Talk Around the Town

COPENHAGEN has never occurred to me as a place in which to spend a long week-end.

Not that distance has much to do with it; you can go to New York for one nowadays. Mr. Dulles seems to make a habit of it.

But an ideal week-end should be rewarding in some distinctive way or other.

Copenhagen is the place for me. Although you can fly back in a few hours, you may travel there by one of the most fascinating land, sea and ferry passages I know.

Serenity is the keynote, not rush.

The serenity begins (or did so for me) shortly after leaving Liverpool Street when the boat-train started a somnolent tour of Essex—looking at its June loveliest. But you do get to Harwich at last. Here there awaits a ship which is a model for miniature liners, and which a year ago was lying derelict and burnt out on the Harwich mud. It must now be one of the cleanest and most modernly-equipped ships afloat. The Kronprinz Frederik is a credit to Danish shipbuilding.

On this vessel you may (wind and weather permitting) eat, drink and sleep your way across the North Sea. The cuisine is excellent.

OSTENSIBLY my visit was the result of a vague promise to see, in its native setting, the Royal Danish Ballet, which caused something of a sensation last year when it left the homeland for the first time to visit Covent Garden. Ballet-lovers still talk about it in reverent tones—to people like myself who were away last August.

This alone seems to make my mission important enough nowadays, when ballet is joining

Soccer in the new diplomacy. "Ulanova Recalled to Moscow . . .", ". . . Mr. Eden Flies Back to Geneva . . .", ". . . Should Stanley Matthews Go to Budapest?"

The roots of the Royal Danish Theatre can be found—like everything else good in this charming land—deep in the soil.

When the boat-train passed through Odense, a bankish sort of fellow took off his glasses and burst out excitedly to tell us all that not only was Odense his own birthplace, but that of Hans Christian Andersen.

The spirit of Hans Andersen is always with you in Denmark. His wry face confronts you every time you take out a banknote. The Tivoli pleasure gardens, in the heart of Copenhagen, are pure fairy-tale.

★ ★ ★

JUST at this season of the year the landscape of Denmark has the look of a smoothed-out Essex. When the blossoms have gone, and the incredibly green pastures are dulled by the autumn, the impression may be different.

(On the other side, I have always thought the country around Norwich strangely like Flanders at all times of the year.)

What a lesson in intelligent nationalism the Danes offer to the world!

To have kept together such a patchwork group of islands, to have retained independence, to be both royalists and successful socialists—here is something unique. For it is allied to a gaiety found neither in the other Scandinavian countries nor always in those nations which protest such virtues more loudly.

★ ★ ★

SOME countries wither under the intrusive corrosion of tourism.

Not Denmark. It goes about the task happily, taking pleasure in speaking a rather better class of English in Copenhagen than one hears in certain English cities I would hesitate to name.

A country which can blithely market tobacco with such names as King's Favourite, Broadway Delight, the Royal Guard and the Truman Cigar has a quality which makes for survival.

As for the ballet, if Copenhagen is a place for "messing about in boats" (as it surely is), then it is also a splendid place for those who like "messing about in theatres."

TWO MINDS WITH BUT . . .

A Painter at his easel frowned,
"It seems that I am losing ground;
My name is mud beneath the feet
Of Fine Art's critical élite.
And why? The Public has no need
Of catalogues to give a lead:
My canvases are mirror clear,
The uninitiated fear
No surrealistic snub from me;
For what I paint, is what they see."

—Merran Millar

● ● ●

The glimpse I had of behind-the-scenes during a ballet performance made me want to rush out and buy one of those toy theatres which occupy the window of a near-by shop. It is a mass of ropes and elaborate carpentry, of traps and bridges, that might well go into a museum of the Victorian theatre. It was *made* for a pantomime by, of course, Hans Andersen. And I should say it was a fireman's nightmare.

That before an audience seated in its gloriously rococo auditorium should be produced one ballet first danced in Copenhagen in 1786 seemed fitting.

I was unable to see *Les Sylphides* in the original 1840 version, first done in Paris, but still faithfully retained by the Danish company, but did enjoy the company's *Giselle*, most beautifully danced by Margrethe Schanne and Borge Ralov, who came to London last year.

No, I have not enjoyed so thoroughly theatrical an evening for a long time. It was something of a shock to come out and see such modern things as electric signs. Even electric light.

And also something of a surprise to see, creeping up from the harbour, which encircles Copenhagen as the Lagoon does Venice, a mist looking as artificial as any concocted in a theatre.

★ ★ ★

I SHOULD much like to see a series of maps of Europe showing the various densities, weights and speeds of chatter.

The Danes converse with a flexibility you will find neither to their north nor their south. If, again, Berlin is harsh and staccato (as it is), one can say that Munich is chatty almost with a Latin fluency. But then, to their south, the Swiss are silent.

There does exist a "silent Englishman." But a touch of the Celt in him and the reputation is apt to be destroyed. I should think that for density of sheer nonsense talked, Dublin is unrivalled. Yet there are "typical" Irishmen who are as much given to speech as a Mullingar heifer.

★ ★ ★

BEING one who in London spends a considerable part of his income enriching the middleman, I watched with envy on the next sunlit morning a small boat apparently owned by a farmer-fisherman from one of the islands.

Apart from a general cargo, and a brisk trade in potted plants, he was also doing a retail business in his vegetables, cheeses and fish. Which points the fact that food is rather cheaper in Copenhagen than in London. Also fresher; but spirits are more expensive, and there is such a thing as a surfeit of lager beer, much as I admire the beverage as a thirst-quencher. (One of the things that the Danes do not grow, alas, is the grape.)

You cannot get away for long from the sea in the Danish capital.

WHICH brings me back to the theme of the week-end.

You close your eyes and open them, and see a Changing of the Guard before a Palace with a liner in the background. Good—that is Copenhagen. Close and open them again and see a fragment of the Temple, or the City. Another snap-view brings you a slice of Basle (but why Basle, you wonder?) and then Amsterdam, and Danzig, with the stately quayside mansions of Merchants of the Hanseatic era.

If topiary is anything to judge by, then you are often in Vienna.

A fascinating city, to which I hope some day to return, and ask permission to work that trap through which Giselle sinks from her grave, through the stage, into her tomb. Curtain.

—Gordon Beckles







Swaebe

Exhibition of Paintings by the late George Belcher, R.A., at Cranleigh Hall, Surrey

Mr. Richard Sissons, Mrs. Noël Sissons and Mr. Noël Sissons looking at landscape and flower paintings

Mr. Anthony Belcher at the opening cocktail party with his wife. Behind is a self-portrait of his father

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pilkington, Mrs. Buchanan and Mr. Andrew Buchanan also enjoyed the exhibition

BATH'S BATTLE OF FLOWERS

AN air of elegance prevailed in the Pump Room during the Bath Assembly Floral Ball. Theme for the occasion was the bicentenary of John Wood, the Elder, chief architect of the city. Five hundred guests took part in traditional celebrations and danced amid banks of flowers



The Flower Queen, Miss Ann Hopkins, awards first prize for Fantastic Head-dress to Mrs. Francis Jarman. The judges were Mrs. H. Hall, Elizabeth Countess of Bandon and Mrs. R. A. Gerrard (right)



Admiring the decorations were Major and Mrs. Spencer Hambly and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pickford



Mr. and Mrs. T. Alker, Mr. D. Fairclough and Miss V. Fairclough came from Liverpool for the occasion



Councillor Hugh Roberts congratulated Mrs. George Kersley, winner of the first prize, for a head-dress of natural flowers



Mr. S. E. Naish and Mrs. Harold Greenhalgh watched the procession of Morris dancers with interest



The Lady Mayoress of Liverpool, Mrs. F. E. Vyvyan, and Mrs. E. Pryor with the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Ald. W. J. Tristram, and the Town Clerk of Bath, Mr. J. Dixon



The President of the Bath Assembly, Ald. Major Adrian Hopkins, M.C., with Mrs. Hopkins



Cdr. and Mrs. Leslie Smith saw, between dances, the Flower Queen escorted by her attendants

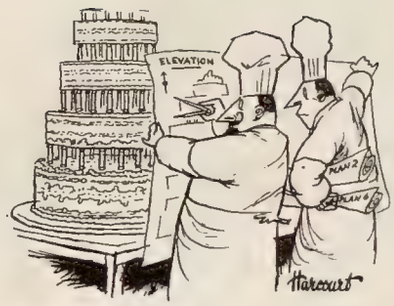


Mr. Norman Holbrow and his partner, Miss Diana Weldon, much enjoyed the evening



Morris

Mrs. Wendy Applegate was partnered in a quickstep by Mr. Freddie Spence. Dancing continued until 2.30 a.m.



DINING OUT

Brigade Behind The Bill

NEXT time you are dining out and think the bill too high, you may be interested to know that a group of Paris restaurants have recently come to the conclusion that a glass of water alone costs them 150 francs to get from the tap to the table—roughly 3s.

All this really means is that they are putting the *couvert* into liquid terms. They might as easily say it costs 3s. to sit down, or pick up a knife and fork.

The astonishing thing to me is that restaurant food is as reasonably priced in London as it usually is, taking into consideration the demands of the Catering Wages Act.

The Paris restaurateurs seem to think this also, for this group of upper-bracket resorts has recently challenged with a sample dinner: *œufs en gelée; délice de sole; côte de bœuf; barquette de fraise; coffee; half a carafe of white wine; half a carafe of red wine.*

They allege you can get this for 2300 francs, or £2 6s. Which is what you would have to give in an upper-bracket in London, where we must pay more for our wine. (You can buy retail a bottle of table wine in France for two shillings.)

Where the money runs to is in the brigade of chefs in the kitchen, and the waiters. A meal that you order *à la carte* will engage the attention of as many as six people. They all have to go on the bill.

BLUE skies and sunshine go well with strawberries, salmon and asparagus. Too few West End restaurants give you a glimpse of the former.

But you can see green tree-tops from the SAVOY Restaurant and a plate-glass view of the Green Park from the RITZ. The HYDE PARK justifies its name at lunchtime with a splendid vista of Rotten Row and beyond.

The MIRABELLE has captured refugee trees for its own, with diners half-in and half-out according to weather. The terrace of the DORCHESTER is unpredictable, but GROSVENOR HOUSE has window tables with a prospect of the Park (with buses). Or you can try some sidewalk tables up in Charlotte Street.

A pity that there is not one really first-class restaurant in the Parks.

THIS is in answer to a reader of The TATLER who has enquired for the recipe of "a cup "something out of the ordinary."

As we all know, almost anything goes in a cup. I can at least say I have drunk and mildly approved of the following:

Two bottles of hock, two wine-glasses of Orange Curaçoa, one wineglass of Benedictine, one pint of bottled lemonade, soda water and a generous display of fruits.

Although I give this recipe rather precisely, it can be varied. But I would go easy on Curaçoa and Benedictine, for your guests' as well as your pocket's sake. Perhaps one glass of Curaçoa is enough. Or just serve plain hock!

—I. Bickerstaff



F. J. Goodman

THE MARQUISE DE AMODIO in the library of her Paris home in the Rue de l'Université. Before her marriage she was Countess Anne de la Rochefoucauld. She owns the famous Chateau de Verteuil where her ancestor, author of the famous "Maxims," wrote his memoirs when exiled from Louis XIV.'s Court. The Marquis de Amodio is vice-president of the European Central Council of the R.A.F. Association

Priscilla in Paris

Maurice Chevalier's House-Warming

THE garden-house-warming party given by Maurice Chevalier at his new and very opulent villa at Ville d'Avray, on the outskirts of Paris, took place on one of those few fine afternoons we have had these last few months. The many lovelies present were able to wear their most diaphanous frocks, and beautiful Geneviève Page appeared in a Dior creation that might have been a ball dress had she not worn it with an immense and most becoming picture-hat.

The big, ceramic pachyderm—no doubt the sire of Maurice's collection of ivory elephants—that stands on the well-kept lawn was duly admired, but I think that what I most envied was the grand array of sun-blinds that, in midsummer, will ensure a shadowed coolness for the ground-floor rooms of Maurice's pleasant, long, low house.

The sun beats into the balconied windows of my new fourth-floor abode, and though I shall be able to close the outer shutters if needs be, I confess to a yearning for sun-awnings. Having gone into the matter however, I discover that sun-awnings (like Rolls-Royces, Dior creations, twenty-five-button evening gloves and eating at Lasserre's) take rank in what is known over here as "exterior signs of wealth!"

MAURICE was in great form and looking so extremely juvenile (sports jacket, flannel bags and drooping bow-tie) despite his becoming "grey temples," that we find it hard to believe that in his next film he is cast for that indeterminate time of life when a man is known as being "of a certain age." The picture will be entitled *My Seven Daughters*, and we are wondering whether it is inspired by the Grimm brothers' fairy tale, "Seven at One Blow"!

The other evening he was at the Porte St. Martin Theatre with Sacha Guitry. The roof nearly blew off and the excitement back-stage was immense. Was Monsieur Chevalier there in search of a daughter or two and was Monsieur Sacha Guitry looking for youth and beauty to grace his next cinematographic interpretation of French history? A dozen young hearts beat feverishly throughout the evening as the ladies of the chorus went through their dance routines.

A beautiful newcomer to the Paris stage, Geneviève Barreyre, who is playing in the St. Martin success, would certainly make a very beautiful Josephine Beauharnais. Sacha Guitry's film deals with Napoleon, and I use the word "deals" advisedly. It is not known yet, however, whether the Master will play the title-rôle.

AS this theatrical gossip shows, I have taken a little respite from the gruelling grind of "moving." Leaving my most precious Hebe to wrestle with plumber, painter and electrician, I went to see Josephine Baker at the Olympia. Wonderful, dynamic creature! Only forty-eight hours earlier she had arrived from Saigon, where she had been singing to the wounded. She landed at the airfield in Paris in the early morning and, rushing to the telephone, routed her favourite couturier out of bed. He in turn sent out a general alarm and by eight o'clock Balmain's complete staff, from *première* to *petite main*, was in the fine frenzy of creating the magnificent frocks that Josephine was to wear, two evenings later, in her sketch, "Changeons de Décor"!

An immense success for everyone concerned, and what a welcome did Paris give Josephine!

EARLY last week the Road Police hung out a sign: "NO ACCIDENTS TO-DAY," and the boastful statement came true. How did the miracle happen? Simply by doubling the number of men on traffic duty and giving them orders to stop all road-hogs and dangerous drivers *before trouble occurred*! The possible offenders were to be gently chided, given a book of the words (*Le Code de la Route*) and sent on their glad way with a blessing.

It worked! But what seems to have been the real miracle is the way the momentarily subdued *gendarmes* were able to sniff out the R.H.s and D.D.s before they came to grief. It must have been a combination of wishful thinking versus bad conscience. One feels rather sorry for the *gendarmes* (country police) because, being simple rustics, they are always rather *bornès*, and it must have been simply agony for them to let any victim of their blasting (and blasted) whistles go free. Town *agents* are infinitely more human.

Enfin!

● *François Perrier's American friends are said to have a butler. The report is wrong. He is simply the mechanic who keeps all the patent labour-saving devices in order.*



Mrs. Frank Simon (left) chatted to Sir Giles and Lady Loder, whose Sussex home is famous for its garden

AIRBORNE ORCHIDS FROM SINGAPORE

THE Chelsea Flower Show provides a unique occasion for horticulturists to meet and discuss their art amid an unrivalled collection of blooms. Foremost among the distinguished visitors were members of the Royal Family, who took particular interest in an exhibition of orchids flown in from Singapore

[Continued overleaf



The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra had just visited the Grand Marquee in the Royal Hospital Grounds and were delighted with the wonderful display of flowers there. Brilliant weather added to the pleasure of visitors, and emphasised the colour and fragrance of exhibits

The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret stand on a bridge above the pool, admiring the cool ro
by Gavin Jones, of Letchworth, Herts. The Queen Mother is a keen horticulturist and comes regular

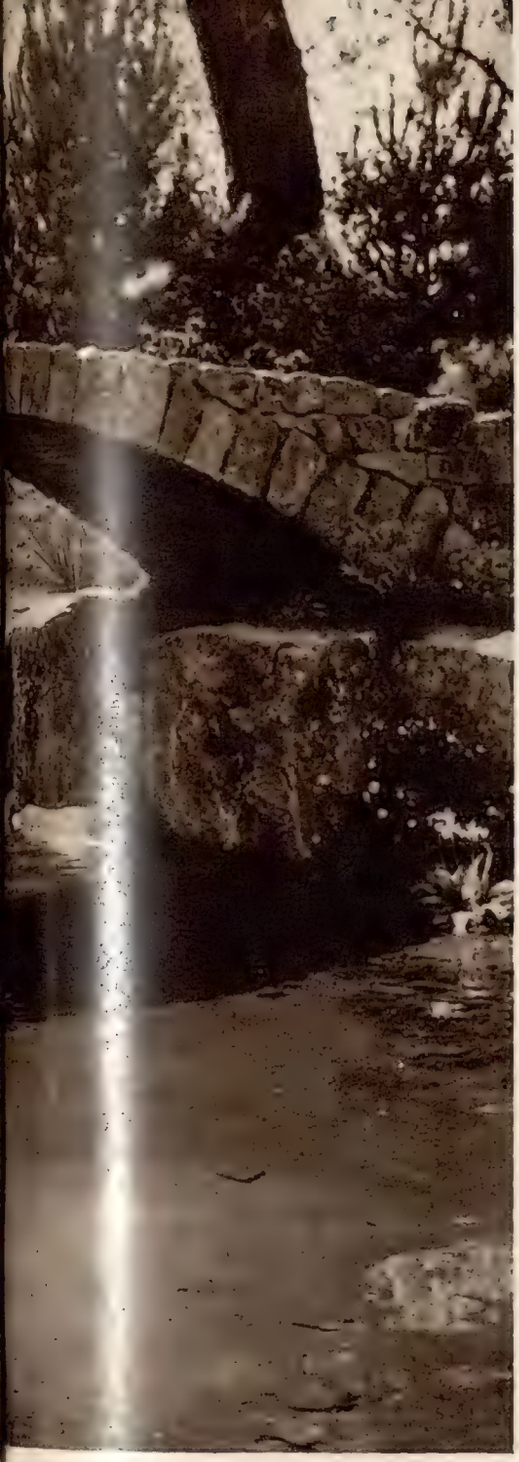


Lord and Lady Waverley in conversation with Mrs. Marshall Roberts (centre) as they went round on a tour of the gardens

Continuing—

GARDEN OF DREAMS GREW IN CHELSEA

SINCE 1804 the Royal Horticultural Society has aided the domestication in British gardens of rare and delightful plants from the five continents. This year the Chelsea Flower Show celebrated this sesquicentenary with one of the most enjoyable and well-attended displays ever held. The grounds of the Royal Hospital bloomed almost overnight into a garden where amateur and professional alike could find delight



...hn exhibited ...e Show



The Hon. Mrs. James and Lady Digby had just left the president's tent after tea and were consulting their catalogue



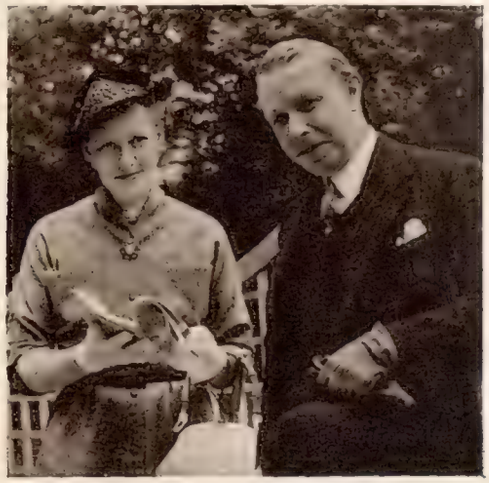
Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, wife of the American Ambassador, and Mrs. Brewster Jennings looked at the exhibits



The Earl and Countess of Rosse admired the outdoor furniture selected by the Council of Industrial Design



Sir William and Lady Fraser paused on their way to the scientific and garden design sections of the Show



The Master of Kinnaird and his wife the Hon. Mrs. Kinnaird were carefully planning their afternoon's visit



Mr. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor strolled through the grounds on their way to the Eastern Avenue



Lord and Lady Aberconway discussed some of the exhibits. Lord Aberconway's father was president of last year's Show

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

CLUBMEN, however handsome, gay, and debonair (the fascinating devils) have their little troubles, as we need hardly remind any lover of that fine melancholy poem-cycle called *A Clubland Lad:*

> Reform Club lads had oodles
> Of cares to drive them mad,
> And lads knew trouble at Boodle's,
> When I was a Boodle's lad.

It seems now that even members of what was a hundred years ago called The Best Club in Europe find the grip of Ole Debble Catering-Wages-Act tightening round their throats like everyone else, judging by the lately-published report of the Select Committee on the Kitchen and Refreshment Rooms of the House of Commons, which reveals a trading loss for 1953 of £21,000. The worries of M.P.s are a very special kind, and shared by all their admirers. If there should come a day when those boys couldn't get a drink at any time during a session we should, personally, be relatively shattered, like anyone else who has ever sat on the Terrace with a clot of legislators late on a summer night, gazing across the darkened river, listening to the play of epigram, and reflecting placidly, glass in hand, that all over London thirsty taxpayers were hurling themselves in vain, like frantic sea-birds at lighthouses, against locked doors and closed shutters.

To switch to smoother topics, it may be news to you, as to us, that M.P.s who let their tuckbills run too long may ultimately (*vide* Report) be sent up to the Head; as may happen equally—see Erskine May, *Parl. Proc.* XLV, App. F.—when they 're reported for fighting in Committee or pulling girl M.P.s' plaits in the Lobbies. Discipline starts, you observe, at the top, if that is the top.

Exhibit

FRIENDS of fish were frankly disgusted ("I was frankly disgusted," writes "Frankly Disgusted") by a recent Press-photograph showing a hapless goldfish forced by the Science boys to swim endlessly round a circular plastic tank revolving in the opposite direction and exhibited thus to the Royal Society. "It 's to test his speed, among other things," explained the scientist responsible. "I would say he is enjoying himself."

Those of you sahibs whose great-great-grandfathers performed on the treadmill at regular intervals will reasonably doubt this. Our information is that the treadmill was good fun for five minutes. After that your forbears were probably encouraged with blows, deprived of their skilly, and even transported to the uttermost bounds of our (then) farflung Empire. Like them, this goldfish suffers physically and mentally from his humiliating situation. If you imagine fish have no feelings, study the occupants of the Zoo Aquarium on a Bank Holiday. The scowl of rebellion and despair on the face of the conger eel, for one, will surprise you.

Thus scowled, no doubt, your Great-Great-Uncle William (No. 57) on visiting-days at Millbank Prison in the 1840's. Maybe it wasn't the whispering ladies in the Governor's party who affected him so much as a severe whiskered personage glooming in the background. "*M'tutor!*" muttered Uncle William, pedalling frantically . . .

Discord

THERE seems no great mystery about the Rubens lately stolen from Toronto Art Gallery and found, ripped from its moorings, on a rubbish-dump in Ontario. What the hard boys were after was, of course, the frame, a chap in close touch with the art world tells us. This is no new craze, either.

Twenty-five years ago, apparently, only about 30.8 per cent. of the average crowd at an Academy Private View went there to admire the frames. The number of frame-lovers is now vastly increased for some reason, and a few years hence the walls at Burlington House may be covered with frames alone. "This will make everything a lot easier for everybody," said this chap, "since nothing tends to spoil an Academy Private View more than the pictures. In fact there is a growing realisation even among the R.A. boys that Art—especially British Art—is pretty awful and should be stopped."

Footnote

THE empty-frame movement may, we gather, take some time to win the powerful backing of journals like *The Burlington Magazine* and *The Connoisseur*. A few eloquent letters to both will probably set the ball rolling, enthusiasts think. E.g.:

SIR,—While on safari in Kenya ('21) with poor "Biffy" Parkinson, I noticed "Biffy" kissing an empty photograph-frame one night after dinner. "Where 's the little lady?" I said in jest, to which "Biffy" replied: "I don't want her face, old boy, I can think up far better ones." Verb. sap., Sir, to the fellows who think Art matters!

J. WILLOUGHBY RAMPOLE,
Maj. (ret.).

SIR,—When my boy came to me not long ago and said "Mater, I have become an Academician," I thought my heart would break, though I knew he had been painting cows and Society women for some time, and his manner had *definitely coarsened*. Surely the call to abolish British Art will rally every British mother. A tasteful frame can do no harm *at all*.

JUST AN R.A.'S MATER.



When all the speeches at annual Academy banquets are performed in dumb-show—the obvious corollary, added the chap in close touch—we shall be getting somewhere.

Scrub

"IBSEN never washed behind the ears—why should I?" The old defiant shout will be heard less frequently at the Critics' Circle, we fancy, now that an eminent Sunday-paper drama critic has been praised by a girl admirer in his own paper for his distinctively fresh and natty appearance when on duty.

She is quite right. We know the boy well. A great lover of soap and water, he is a credit to the racket, whereas when we were a temporary waiter at the Circle there was (and still is) a scruffy Bohemian element which upset us, though of course it was none of our business which of the gentlemen washed and which didn't, and many of them stank morally in any case. That cry about Ibsen, however, struck us as absurd. Plenty of nice clean old men (e.g., Shaw) have written as good plays as that whiskery old Nordic plug-chewer. As for the critics, a well-tubbed, well-groomed drama critic sooner or later catches the Boss's eye. Before long a personal note from Above, praising his analytical skill and ordering him to arrange an introduction forthwith to the small saucy blonde who played Toutou in—was it *Hamlet*?—last night, will show the boy that he is making his mark at last in the critical profession. The septic minority at the Circle overlooks this, maybe. No watershy critic will ever get on the *Times*, we might add.

Offer

HOWEVER, this is just to add our admiring tribute to that of the sweetheart above and to say that if the boy would care to discuss his attitude to Croce's theories on the Functions of Criticism over the air, we could probably get him into the Swabbo Soapjoy Celebrity Half-Hour from Luxembourg.

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





On their way back from lunch in the Orangery were three champions, Mr. T. C. Morgan (Shropshire), who is champion of England, Mrs. Morgan, who won the Open Handicap, and Mr. W. E. Douthwaite (Burntisland, Fifeshire)

BOWMEN OF THE WEST met for their eighty-first open meeting at Badminton, Glos., at the invitation of the Duchess of Beaufort, who is Lady Paramount of the Gloucestershire Archery Society. This most successful two-day "shoot" was organised by the Grand Western Archery Society, and marksmen came from as far as Ireland to compete



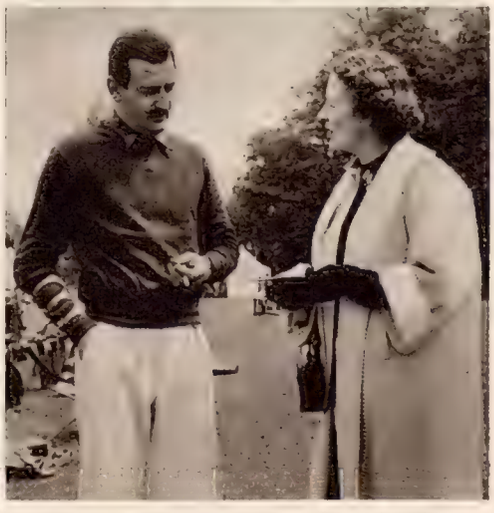
Miss Susan Hutson, from Exeter, was talking with her parents, Capt. and Mrs. F. R. Hutson, after shooting



The Duke of Beaufort and Mr. David Somerset with Mr. Ralph Jebb, President of the Grand Western A.S.



Miss Patricia Swinley, of Stroud Archers, with her mother, Mrs. C. Swinley, and their terrier Batiste



Mr. and Mrs. Philip Terry checking his score in the Double York. They had come over from Ireland

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Don't know why chaps make such a fuss about packing"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THEY were discussing a certain undefeatable and irrepressible politician. "Well," summed up the smokeroom philosopher, "I'll tell you this about him. He might have typhoid and recover; he might have pneumonia and recover; he might have cerebral meningitis and recover; he might have yellow fever and recover; but if he ever had lockjaw, he'd burst."

IN the railway carriage the passengers were mostly businessmen reading their papers, but in the corner sat a woman with a squalling infant. The baby's cries kept up for so long that the other passengers became restive, when one of them, a father of a large family, stood up to see what he could do.

Stooping in front of the red-faced, yelling child, he grimaced, snapped his fingers, whistled, and so on. It worked like a charm; the silence was complete. As he triumphantly went back to his seat, the mother's voice came:

"There you are! I told you the big, ugly man would get you."

* * *

AFTER asking for the hand of the daughter of the successful business man, the young man had been firmly refused.

"For one thing," the girl's father said, "you can't keep her in the style to which she is accustomed."

"Perhaps not," replied the young man, "but I can start her on bread-and-milk, the same as you did."

* * *

"MUMMY," said little Paul, "John doesn't know how to swim, because his Mummy won't let him go near the water."

"Well," Paul's mother said, "John is a very good little boy."

"Yes," answered Paul thoughtfully, "and he'll go straight to Heaven the first time he falls in."

At The Pictures

SADIE HAS A CLEAN-UP



Rita Hayworth is altogether admirable as Sadie, redeemed or otherwise

THE film's the thing, and I have little patience with those who complain automatically when the screen tampers with stories from the theatre or literature. If it makes a good film, I am happy. Look what Shakespeare did to Plutarch. The film is a different medium and its greed for visual material often demands the addition of new action.

But there does not seem much point in basing a film on a piece of literature at all if what you add makes near-nonsense of the original, and does not make a coherent film, either. Why bother?

That is my sad complaint against the ambitious and, in detail, often excellent production of *Miss Sadie Thompson* (Gaumont, Haymarket). It is based on Somerset Maugham's *Rain*, in which Sadie is a loose woman whom Pastor Davidson first converts to godliness then disillusions by his carnal lust for her. "All men are pigs," is Sadie's now historic conclusion.

Not so in this film. There is a clean U.S. Marine, and, side by side with the strange passion of the Pastor for Sadie, we have a strictly box-office romance between Sadie and the Marine. This will no doubt interest bobby-soxers. But it will drive adults home to T.V.

Do not blame Rita Hayworth. She does the best the script will let her, and that is quite good. But she is too lovely, too lady-like, and plays rather like an exuberant Californian college girl, which Sadie never was. A lonely figure, José Ferrer plays the Pastor according to the book. Aldo Ray makes a deplorably effective job of the Marine.

Quite different is it with *Phantom of the Rue Morgue* (London Pavilion). Much has been added to Edgar Allan Poe's prototype detective thriller, notably some extra murders, a love-affair and a mad Professor of Zoology who quotes Freud at the drop of a corpse. But they fit into the atmosphere of the original.

PRODUCTION, acting and direction are all in the right key for this horror romp. Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin, Patricia Medina and Steve Forrest play like Grand Guignol actors of old. It is in 3-D, and I am sure Poe himself would have delighted in dodging the knives, bullets, bodies and other phenomena which come after you out of the screen.

In what appears to be a new English cult of films about boy jockeys, *The Rainbow Jacket* (Odeon, Leicester Square) takes an honourable place. It has the authentic smell of the Turf. The cast includes Robert Morley, Kay Walsh, Edward Underdown, Charles Victor, and many others of distinction. Fella Edmonds is satisfactory as the boy jockey and Bill Owen does creditable work as the hero, the warned-off jockey who trains him.

All the experts of Ealing Studios are on the job, from Sir Michael Balcon, producing, to Basil Dearden, directing, and T. E. B. Clarke, scripting. Yet I am sorry I found the film rather disappointing.

— Dennis W. Clarke



The evening sun shone fitfully through heavy clouds as the yachts waited at their moorings off the Royal Albert Yacht Club, Southsea, to cast off for the start of the race. Fifteen yachts in all took part

YACHTS RACED ROUND FORELANDS

FIRST ocean yacht race of the season was from Southsea to Harwich, organised by the Royal Ocean Racing Club. The large number of entries was an all-time record and the Class I. winner was Lloyd's Yacht Club's Lutine.



Aboard the Griffin, the R.O.R.C. Club yacht, Col. Patrick Johnston, Mr. Mas Schat and Mr. David Jennings attended to the sails



Three interested spectators were Miss Mary Hammond and the Misses Penelope and Patricia Slater. The start was at dead low water



A group of the Royal Albert Yacht Club officers : Major C. Penney, hon. sailing secretary, Mr. P. H. Greenhow, Mr. C. B. Garner, Rear-Commodore, and Mr. A. E. Rowe, Master Gunner



W[illegible] fortified for a day's sailing were M[illegible] Sally Brickwood and Miss Daphne Poland, off on a cruise



Major D. Scott picked out the sail numbers with the telescope, while Mrs. Scott identified the starters



Gabor Denes

Finishing touches were put to the Griffin by two members of the crew, Dr. G. Thomas and Lt.-Cdr. P. Davie, R.N., in preparation for the race ahead. The winner in Class II. was Mr. S. B. Slater's Uomie, and in Class III. Casella, entered by Mr. Y. Cassel, of Sweden, took first place

The New Boats Promise Well

• GABOR DENES •

BLUEBOTTLE, the Royal Dragon, is now being taken over to Canada, where she will be racing on Lake St. Louis and later at Toronto, on Lake Ontario. She is being sailed again by Lt.-Cdr. (E) R. L. Hewitt, R.N., who did so well with her in 1953 and started off this season with three wins in four races at Cowes. They are expected to be back again in time for the Edinburgh Cup races, which will be sailed in the week before Cowes Week under the burgee of the Bembridge Sailing Club.

So far, there has been brilliant racing in the Dragon class ; H. R. Freemantle's new, Danish-built Sable is a very fine boat, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore's new boat, Red Dragon, promises very well. The latter's previous boat, Chow, will be raced by her new owner, Col. A. W. Acland, and Polaris is now owned by Donald Legg, who had so many successes in the Swallow Class.

I saw Tommy Beddington's new Dragon, Painted Lady III., moored off the yard of her builders at Gosport, while another new Dragon is nearing completion at Cowes for Messrs. Franklin Woodroffe and Claire Lallow. This is to replace their most successful Blue Skies, sold to Russia in 1952 ; most appropriately, she will be named Vodka.

NEWCOMERS to the Class include Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garnham, who, in partnership with Major D. R. Peel, M.C., have acquired Rin-Jin ; the Lord Fairfax of Cameron, who has bought Sir E. H. Rouse Boughton's Vixen, and Lord Worsley, who is joining Philip Colville in the ownership of Foil, while Richard Preston, Rear-Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, has returned to the class as the new owner of Brandysnap.

The International 5.5-metre class will attract great interest this season, and much thought will be given to the 1956 Olympic Games. Col. R. S. G. Perry, owner of Unique, who has represented Great Britain at Helsinki, is having a new boat designed by Arthur Robb, and Mr. Owen Aisher, owner of Yeoman, another one by Charles A. Nicholson.

THREE new International One Designs have been imported from Norway—they cannot be built anywhere else, except by the designer, Bjarne Aas—and there will be six of these lovely boats racing regularly at Cowes this season.

I saw the " yacht of the year," Mr. R. R. Burton's Parker-designed Norlethe, launched most gallantly by Lady Burton, the owner's mother, at Moody's, and afterwards went to a delightful party at Mr. and Mrs. Burton's beautiful home, which overlooks the Solent.

Another one of the Arthur Robb-designed Lion Class cruisers was launched from the same yard early in June, and Sir William Acland's new McGruer-designed 8-metre cruiser-racer, which is being built to the highest specifications, will be launched shortly at Woodnutt's.

The Royal Ocean Racing Club programme, which opened with a record number of starters in the Southsea-to-Harwich race, has some new features. There is to be a race from Cowes to Corunna and a Wolf Rock race—although this is not a Fastnet year—open to all three classes. Across the Atlantic, Goodewind, owned by Dr. K. Laws, is the only British entry in the Bermuda race.





CHOSEN AND TREASURED BY A ROYAL CONNOISSEUR, this carved mahogany and gilt sideboard and Brussels tapestry form part of the exhibition of works of art owned by the late Queen Mary, organised by the Victoria and Albert Museum, which continues until the end of the year. The sideboard was formerly at Rokeby Hall, Yorkshire

Book Reviews — Elizabeth Bowen

Two "Musical" Giants

BRING ON THE GIRLS (Herbert Jenkins; 16*s.*) has been described by the authors, P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton, as "the improbable story of our life in musical comedy, with pictures to prove it." This famous collaboration left, for a number of golden years, its mark upon the theatre worlds of New York (where it began) and London. And, the reader will find, it has held good in this splicing-together of reminiscences into a high-hearted and entertaining book.

The title, we learn, is a tribute. When in doubt, "Bring on the girls!" It is the panacea which never fails.

And how wonderful those girls always were. They did not spare themselves . . . the dullest eye could see that they were giving of their best. Actors might walk through their parts, singers save their voices, but the personnel of the ensemble never failed to go all out, full of pep, energy and the will to win. A hundred shows have been pushed by them over the thin line that divides the floperoo from the socko.

It is for this reason that Bolton (Guy) and Wodehouse (P. G.), looking back over their years of toil in the musical comedy salt-mines, raise their glasses and without hesitation or heel-taps drink this toast:

TO THE GIRLS!

Fate, decidedly, took a hand in the original Bolton-Wodehouse meeting—occasion being the opening of an *intime* musical, *Very Good Eddie*, the lyrics of which were accounted poor. The respective entries in the Bolton and Wodehouse diaries for that night record the handshake and teaming-up, followed by after-thoughts on both sides. "W.," writes Mr. Bolton, "so overcome couldn't answer for a minute, then grabbed my hand and stammered out his thanks." "Tried to hold back," writes Mr. Wodehouse, "and weigh the suggestion, but his eagerness so pathetic that consented. Mem.: Am I too impulsive? Fight against this tendency."

DATES, bane of the schoolroom but sometimes helpful, are all but excluded from this book—its one defect. It *is* interesting to know when anything happened, and what else chanced to be going on at the same time. The effect of *Bring on the Girls* is one of magnificent imperviousness to the outside world, owing to total professional concentration. The theatre, frantic and constant scene of crisis and triumph, is, of course, hermetic: it makes its own history. The launching of an all-out show looms no less largely, for those concerned, than the launching of an all-out offensive.

This, and soon, the reader comes to agree, as these delirious pages sweep him backward into a time in which other time was not. He will also, if he be old enough, find himself subject to a sublime nostalgia.

These days, musicals are no longer necessarily comedies; they admit death and have an edge of harshness—see *South Pacific*. They need taking. In Bolton-Wodehouse successes, book, lyrics and Jerome Kern music—plus, of course, the comedians—nothing shadowed the resplendent illusion of pink-and-gold. And the art behind that illusion was very knowing. High points were *Miss Springtime*, *Oh, Boy!*, *Oh, Lady, Lady*, *Sally*, *Kissing Time* (in New York entitled *The Girl Behind the Gun*), *Sitting Pretty* and *O, Kay*.

Some of the later successes had Gershwin music. Again how much do I wish that a full list, with or without dates, could have been appended. For the fact is, that the story of each production so effervesces with anecdote, or is suspended by breathless *contretemps*, that a slight though delightful confusion can but ensue.

PERSONALITIES spin the plot. Flo Ziegfeld, Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Marilyn Miller, George Grossmith, Adele and Fred Astaire, W. C. Fields, Charles Chaplin are among those who smile from these pages. Nor is interest confined to musical comedy: we have views of the authors betweentimes, and of Mr. Wodehouse hard at work as a novelist. Jeeves-addicts will be fascinated to learn that for that immortal valet there was a model—a butler, Robinson. "The two species," the creator explained, "are almost identical. I study this bird and make copious notes."

* * *

THE CHARM OF HOURS, by Peter Skelton (Chatto and Windus; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is a distinguished and fascinating first novel—subject, the intense sensations of youth. These, it may be said, have been a subject before. True, but what is original in this case, and what may offer to place the book as part of the *expressive* literature of our century, is that the author deals with the impact of outside reality (in a most brutal form) upon a subjective, sheltered, self-centred world. The "I" of the story is an English schoolboy of sixteen, spending his holidays with his family in Holland—Zarndorn, where their home is, is an ancient sea-coast village, formerly a fashionable resort. Edwin's father is in business in the not-far-distant great city, presumably Rotterdam.

Boredom with and dislike of the English public school (which, with the sole affectation of which this book seems guilty, is persistently spoken of as "the institution") enhances, from the beginning of each holiday, the pleasure of the resumption of this existence in the warm-roomed, double-windowed house by the sea. There are long days, luxurious evenings, free play given to deliberately sensuous, sentimental fantasy.

[Continued on page 604





MASTERS OF SPORT photographed by ERIC COOP

VISCOUNT COWDRAY has won the respect and admiration of sport-lovers for the ability and enthusiasm which have been so largely responsible for the revival of polo in England since the war. In the early days of his career, he captained the Oxford polo side, and his own Cowdray Park side until 1939. He was also non-playing captain of our International side which competed in America for the Westchester Cup. As a very active player, as well as organiser, Viscount Cowdray continues to give an inspiring example to polo-lovers everywhere, and is at present chairman of the Hurlingham Polo Association.



John French

Hot Weather Holiday

FOR OUR FASHION CHOICE THIS WEEK we have picked clothes for a holiday in the South of France—a really hot weather holiday. The dress is a French four-piece made of Provençal cotton print in several colours, and comes from Harrods' Casual Department, where we also found the amusing accessories. All four garments together cost 20 gns. but each piece can be bought separately

—MARIEL DEANS





The black straw basket with a cane handle costs 27s. 6d., the raffia beret 25s. and the enchanting brick and white earthenware jewellery 2 gns. the set



The blouse and skirt shown opposite cost 5 gns. and 8 gns. respectively. The other two pieces of the four-piece ensemble are a halter top for 3½ gns. and a pair of very brief shorts that cost 3½ gns. The background colour of the shorts, and of the Paisley stripe in the top, is a gay canary yellow

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

HAVE decided that last week's aura of infuriated pessimism re gardening could only have been due to telepathic knowledge of impending doom. The day afterwards B. and L. return from school flushed with conscious virtue, and devote themselves to good works until bedtime.

B. finds and resuscitates hideous pink table-lamp dating from fashionable thirties, informing me that this will now come in handy for the sitting-room. L. clears out her bedroom cupboards, flinging entire winter wardrobe on bed with order that it be sent to cleaners, and then takes out, washes, and hangs out in greyish dripping condition all garments and bed-linen of dolls—also asks will I for twentieth time of asking iron her accordeon-pleated skirt.

IN the meantime B. has left tool-room for nursery, turned entire toy-box upside down on floor, and is enthusiastically engaged in filling waste-paper basket with jigsaw puzzles alleged to be incomplete. L. emerges from wash-tub far enough to comment that if he looked properly he could find odd pieces and bestow on sick children in hospital—however almost at once abandons argument, which in normal times would last hours, and helps B. jettison all the complete puzzles as well.

THUS it is no surprise to me at all when both children wake in morning, flushed, tearful and speckled with pink spots. After a short interval trying to persuade myself and them that spots are just prickly heat



brought on by rigours of British summer, I decide by a process of elimination that it must be chicken pox, and send for doctor to confirm diagnosis. He comes in with hearty laugh implying well what is it *this* time? remarks that there's a lot of it about, and says that children must be kept quiet and stopped from scratching.

He then asks if husband and self have had chicken pox, and receiving reply that husband can't remember and that I myself was once suspected of having it though it was never proved, laughs again and says well it'll be proved NOW. After leaving prescription for vast quantity of bright pink lotion for soothing children's spots—not, he says, that it'll help much—he cheerfully departs.

Having let him out am at once confronted by daily help, who wishes me to know that if it's chicken pox she owes it to herself and

(*Continued on page 594*)



Peter Clark

Chadwick & Hill's beautifully cut Creed designed step-in dress made in a lightweight Pick and Pick grey worsted suiting. It is stocked by Harrods (Budget Shop) and costs £10. The little stitched jersey cap, which can be safely sat on or stuffed in your pocket, comes from Aage Thaarup's "Twenty-Plus" collection

From Saturday to Monday

THE trouble is always that you feel you must take everything, yet a wardrobe trunk would scarcely look well. For the visit we have photographed we have eliminated swimsuit, slacks, riding kit and a waterproof, and have concentrated on providing for a sunny, lazy weekend with a dance in the evening and a wool dress in case the weather turns cool

—MARIEL DEANS



Baker Sports make this trim little black and white printed silk dress with its pleated bodice and skirt. It comes from Debenham and Freebody's Twenty's Budget Shop and costs 10 gns.

CONTINUING—

DIARY OF A LADY . . .

family not to expose herself to infection, and will therefore be unable to oblige until quarantine period is up. Realize that she will certainly get job in the meantime and be unable to oblige ever again, but control desire to seize blunt instrument and assure that I quite understand.

RING up husband at office to inquire if dinner guest expected that evening has had chicken-pox. To my fury receive reply that he has and laughs at infection anyway.

Persuade L. not to scratch on grounds of not impairing lovely complexion—unfortunately argument has no effect on B., who remarks so what, and explains a system of scratching all round the spot but not actually on it, which he is sure will be all right. During the afternoon several friends telephone, and tell me interesting stories about other friends who have caught childish diseases in adult years and have suffered uncalculated tortures on this account.



Manage to rush through afternoon and get children, doped with fever and aspirin, safely to sleep by the time husband and guest arrive, several drinks ahead of self.

CATCH up sufficiently to feel I am keeping party in shrieks of laughter with gay wisecracks until forcibly reminded that this is due less to alcohol and natural wit than to rapidly rising temperature, by husband's sudden remark that I look rather flushed, don't I? Am feeling far too cheerful to admit to this, but by the time guest departs it is clear to all that I couldn't have had chicken pox that other time after all.

Spend the next two days covered with pink lotion lying comatose trying to stroke spots without scratching, while unfortunate spouse, now sole contact of household with civilization, darts round house changing radio programmes for children, hunting for books I haven't read or have at least forgotten, and producing curiously uninvalidish meals ranging from anchovies on toast to ravioli.

FRIENDS stay sensibly away—in fact husband remarks that we might just as well have a mark on our door as in *Old St. Paul's*—but telephone is thick with sympathetic callers saying how lucky I am not to have mumps, which is sheer agony for adults, and how they knew somebody once who caught whooping cough from his children—can you imagine? Also receive calls from sympathetic relatives who are sure I *did* have chicken pox that time and do I *really* think I've got it now because you can't have it twice.

Still, the worst, as the doctor says, is only a couple of days. By the time husband's spots have started coming out, I am quite recovered enough to nurse him.

—Diana Gillon



. . . Saturday to Monday

On the opposite page: This charming cotton evening dress, printed in a grey and lime-green design on a white ground, is from the Lady-in-Cotton collection. It has a very full skirt and a cleverly swathed bodice. Bourne and Hollingsworth stock it and the price is £5 19s. 6d.

Below: This lovely rose pink silk shantung frock by Phyllis Taylor has a white embroidered bodice with a halter neck. A little, cover-up bolero jacket goes with this dress, which costs 21 gns. and comes from Woollands of Knightsbridge



Robert Howarth



How much is that doggie in the window? Sorry, not for sale. His name is "Tosher," and we asked him to sit for us as a background to those Auto-Perc electric coffee makers. Hand-painted, with sporting scenes, these make the coffee, then switch off automatically, and keep it hot until served. The price is £10 10s. from Fortnum & Mason, who also supply the pink and gold coffee set

SHOPPING

Week-end Wisdom

TO get away for the weekend is what most of us long for in this warm summer weather. Therefore we have chosen things for those who leave the towns to visit the country, *and* for those who live in the country and do the entertaining. Whether you are a guest or a hostess, you will, we hope, find something here to please you

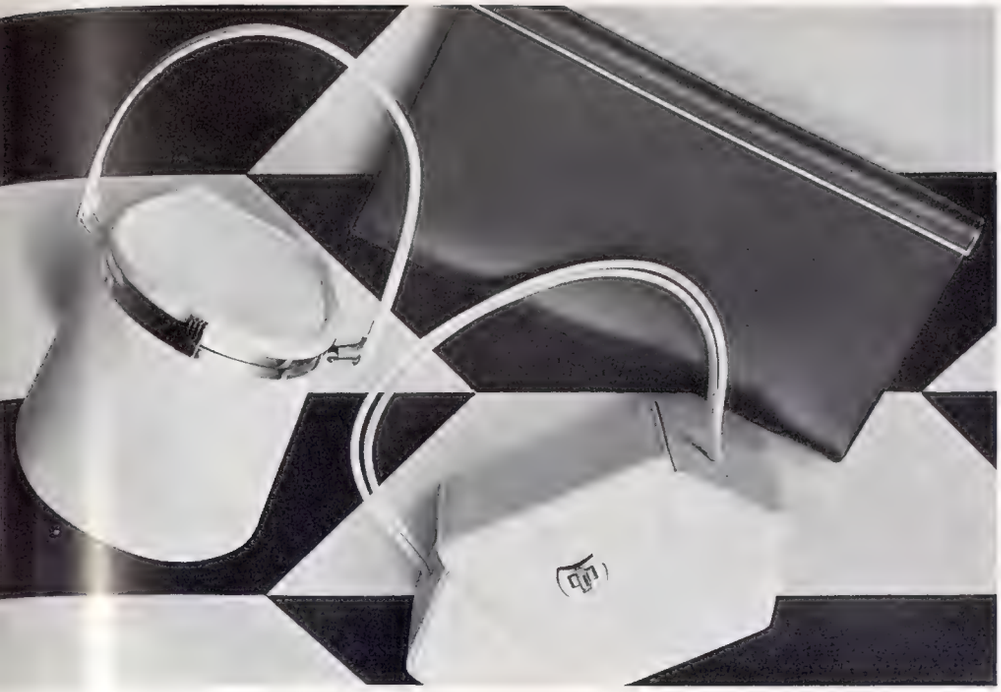
—JEAN CLELAND



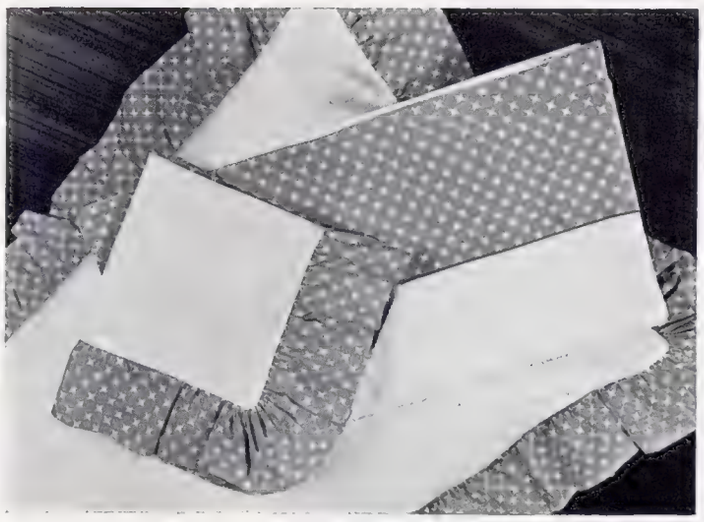
A book to read on the journey can be easily and conveniently carried in one of these beautiful Florentine carriers. In assorted gold and hand-coloured designs, they can be had from the new Book Dept., recently opened at Fortnum & Mason, price 12s. each



An air is given to a special party, by this exquisite lalique bowl and saucer for cold consommé, fruit salad or ice-cream. £2 5s. 6d. From Fortnum & Mason



Smart bags in tractive shapes. If you want a w bag for your weekend vis here are three smart ones bargain prices from which choose. The white one v a horseshoe top, is pric at 35s. 6d., the dark env pe one above is 29s. 6d.. d the white one, bottom t, is 18s. 11d. These may b d at Fenwicks



Right: An as to the guest room are t e new white star-bordered eet sets, comprising 2 she s with 6-inch hem, and 2 p ow cases with 3-inch frill. blue, green, lime and de rose. Price 79s. 11d., sing ed.; 99s. 11d. double bed. om Selfridges



Dennis Smith

Danesby Ware. The contemporary vases and dishes are in light colours, with an attractive centre design. The prices are attractive, too, viz: small dish with handles, 15s. 6d.; dish, 17s. 6d.; jug, 21s.; large vase with handles, 31s. 6d. Fortnum & Mason have them in stock

BARGAINS

IN TOWN TODAY

AMONG the many labour-saving appliances that are coming on to the market, steam irons are likely to be widely welcome in homes throughout the country. If you have ever fiddled about with a pleated skirt covered with a damp towel, ironing the pleats blind, and playing peek-a-boo under the towel every few seconds to see if all is well, you will realize what a blessing these irons can be.

★ ★ ★

You may like to hear of two different types which I have seen very recently. First, the Hoover steam or dry iron, which is described as two irons in one, since it can be used with or without steam. It has a dial with seven settings, one for all steam ironing, and six for different fabrics when used as a dry iron. Price £4 19s. 6d. The other is the Kenwood Steam-O-Matic, a demonstration of which was given at the Dorchester, where the press were invited to submit garments for ironing. Resisting the temptation to take along a couple of afternoon tablecloths, I modestly handed over a silk scarf, which, before my very eyes, was quickly transformed from a crumpled state to one of beautiful smoothness. This iron sells at £4 12s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

IF you are a gardener—one that *works* in the garden, and not just an admirer and spectator—I advise you to take a look at some excellent little time-savers called "Twist it."

Described as the lightning stem tie, these are small, flexible green strips, which do away with all fumbling and fiddling with scissors and knots. All you have to do is to place the green strip round the stem of the plant—or whatever it is you want to tie up—and just twist the ends together; very quick, and very neat. You can get a packet of about one hundred—as far as I could make out when I counted them quickly—for 1s. 3d. The ones I saw were at Marshall and Snelgrove.

★ ★ ★

MANY people will be pleased to hear that the lovely Waterford glass, which has not been made since some time before the war has now come back again. Liberty's have complete sets, from liqueur glasses to goblets, in two different designs, either of which would add grace and distinction to the dinner table.

★ ★ ★

With sunny days ahead, there should be a big sale for some new dark glasses called "Swivel Clip." These act in two ways. You clip them on to your own glasses, then, instead of removing them when you want to write a postcard, or go into a shop, all you need do is "flip" them up to serve as an eyeshade. These are specially useful for motoring, when you may not want to wear dark glasses *all* the time, but need a little shade for the eyes in between whiles.

I saw them at Fenwick's, who sell them complete with a double case, to take the ordinary glasses as well, for 12s. 6d.

BEAUTY

Outdoor Spells Summer's Lease



Going away? Here, then, is something to enhance the pleasure of travelling. A new type of "Train Case," in lovely floral designs, zip fastened, waterproof lined. Unfilled, price £4 9s. 6d. It comes from Marshall & Snelgrove

"IT works. It really works," cried a friend with whom I was staying for the weekend. "What works?" I asked. It might have been anything from a mechanical toy to a new kind of egg whisk. "Why, the stuff you sent me."

On investigation, this turned out to be the new "Handjoy" which I gave her to try. Made expressly for the purpose of removing obstinate stains from the hands, such as those resulting from vegetables and fruit, this, it seems, really does do its job. My friend whom I used as a guinea pig is delighted with it, and, being a very practical person, she should know. Since many of us are in the same boat as regards cooking, this new preparation should receive a joyous welcome in countless homes.

Like the flowers in the garden, new preparations seem to blossom at this time of year. I am continually being asked by all and sundry to keep a weather eye out for such things, so I am glad to tell you of some of them.

The very latest, and only just-this-minute-on-the market, is a new and different kind of powder called "Invisible Veil" by Elizabeth Arden. This is so fine that it really is invisible, and becomes part of the texture of the complexion. It is described as a "perfumed veil of powder," and is lovely for the young girl, and for all times when one does not wish to look "made-up." Invisible Veil comes in seven graduated shades, each one covering several of the normal Arden powders.



Sweet Illusion is the best description for Elizabeth Arden's New "Invisible Veil" Powder, which gives a soft and natural bloom to the complexion. Box, with floral lid, 22s. 6d. Compact 12s. 9d.

Either to save money, or because they live in the depths of the country and seldom go into the towns, quite a number of people make use of the Home Perming sets. Latest arrival in this field is the "Prom Junior Kit," which became available at the beginning of May, and can now be had from all good chemists and stores for the small price of 5s. 6d. Primarily intended for tidying up between perms, and for dealing with straggly ends, the Junior Kit is excellent for those occasions when not more than thirty curlers are needed. A great advantage of the "Prom" perm is that no neutralizer is required.

Talking of hair, Yardley's have just come forth with something which will, I think, be very widely appreciated. If your hair is inclined to be brittle, as mine is, you will love it. This is a cream shampoo which is specially balanced to correct dryness. I have tried it out on myself, and on my family—ever willing to co-operate—and we are all agreed that it leaves the hair beautifully silky and easy to set. It comes in a "squeeze" tube, which contains enough for about eight shampoos, and costs 4s. 3d.

ENCHANTING new summer shades have been making their appearance in nail varnishes, all quite lovely with gay "sunshiny" frocks. The very latest is Peggy Sage's "Pink Sorcery" especially effective for "lighting up" neutral colours. Cutex, too, make a new contribution to hand beauty with "Pretty Gay." This latest shade is an attractive blend of coral and pink harmonies, and is infinitely becoming with summer fabrics, specially those in tones of green, beige, brown and yellow.

Something else very lovely for the summer months is Dorothy Gray's new shade of "Sheer Velvet" called "Peach Glo." This gives a warm glow to the complexion, and is ideal for use in the country, or for any time when you want to achieve a healthy out-of-doors look.

—*Jean Cleland*

ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman

Miss Henrietta S. A. Hoos, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. C. J. Hoos, of Thistleton Grange, Oakham, Rutland, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. David R. Davies-Cooke, son of Col. P. R. Davies-Cooke, T.D., D.L., and Mrs. Davies-Cooke, of Gwysaney, Mold, North Wales

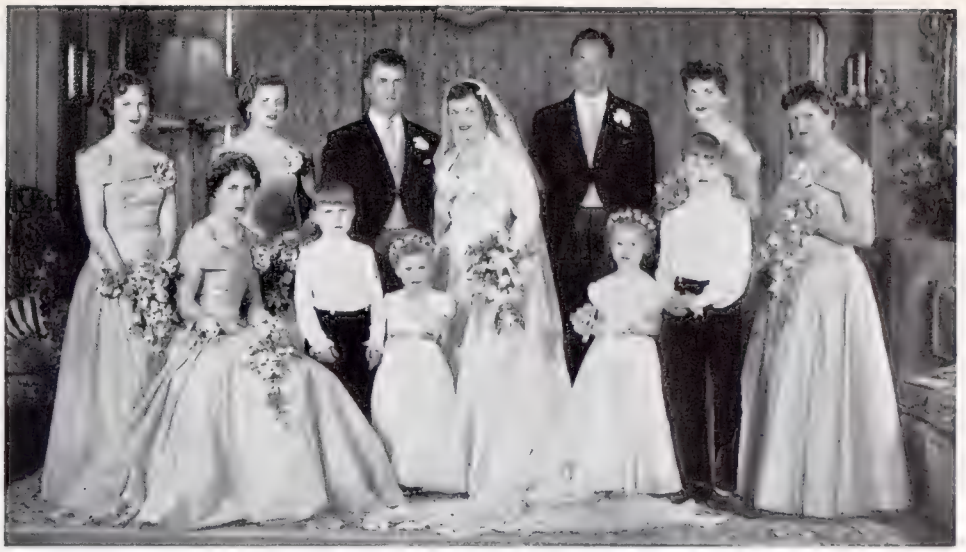


Miss Celia A. Gold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gold, of Brendon Street, London, W.1, is to marry Mr. David E. Mosely, of Ormonde Terrace, N.W.8, son of Mr. G. H. Mosely, of North Gate, N.W.8, and the late Mrs. Mosely



Lenare

Miss Shirley A. Finch, daughter of the late Mr. A. R. T. Finch, and of Mrs. H. J. A. Rohrbach, of Johannesburg, is engaged to be married to Mr. Richard E. Wadsworth, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wadsworth, of The Roughets, Bletchingley, Surrey



FAULKNER—HALFORD

At Romsey Abbey, Hampshire, Mr. Denis A. Faulkner, son of Major and Mrs. H. G. Faulkner, of Tanganyika Territory, married Miss Helen E. Halford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Halford, of Mill House, Broughton, nr. Stockbridge

THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



WATSON—PRATT

Mr. Christopher S. Watson, of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, son of the late Rev. T. H. Watson, and of Mrs. Watson, of Tanglewood House, Boars Hill, Oxford, married Miss Valerie E. Pratt, daughter of Mrs. D. H. Pratt, of Little Stanton Farm, Reigate Heath, Surrey



HOLMPATRICK—BRASS

At St. Mary's Church, Haverfordwest, Lord HolmPatrick, of Shankill, Co. Dublin, son of the late Lord HolmPatrick and of Lady Holm-Patrick, married Miss Anne L. R. Brass, daughter of Cdr. J. E. P. Brass, R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Brass, of Haverfordwest, Pembs



TURNER—VENABLES KYRKE

Lt.-Cdr. (E) Laurence G. Turner, R.N. (retd.), son of Engineer Rear-Admiral L. Turner, C.B., and Mrs. Turner, of The Orchard Cottage, Emsworth, married Miss Beatrice A. Venables Kyrke, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. H. V. Venables Kyrke, D.S.O., and Mrs. Venables Kyrke, at Holy Cross Church, Newton Ferrers



WHEELER-BENNETT—HAVELOCK

At the Appleton Chapel, Harvard, Mass, Mr. Richard C. Wheeler-Bennett, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Wheeler-Bennett, of Northover Manor, Steyning, Sussex, married Miss Joan E. Havelock, daughter of Professor and Mrs. E. Havelock, of Holyoke House, Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A.



SCHOOL HOUSE, with the chapel on the left. In the Doctor's Wall on the right is the Webb Ellis Stone, commemorating the genesis of a game now played the world over

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

Rugby, The Great Pioneer

MANY factors govern the progress of a school and determine its eventual success. Some owe their prosperity to the circumstances of their foundation, to rich endowments or wise statutes or were brought into eminence by a great headmaster.

All these factors may be applied to Rugby School, founded in 1567 by Lawrence Sheriff, a native of the town, who subsequently went to London and amassed a considerable fortune as a grocer and dealer in spices, of which he appears to have been a purveyor to the household of Queen Elizabeth. The founder by his will endowed the school with lands in Rugby and London, the basis of the present riches and splendour of the school.

LONG before the days of Dr. Arnold, Rugby School had acquired a reputation as one of the leading educational establishments of the country, but it was the famous headmaster who transformed Rugby and, by his practice and example, founded the public school system as we know it today.

Two other factors add to the renown of the school; the famous account of it given by Thomas Hughes, a pupil of Dr. Arnold, whose book *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is read the world over, and the William Webb Ellis "exploit" which originated the distinctive feature of the game of football which carries the name of the school. The centenary of that momentous incident was celebrated by a match in 1923 on the ground where the game first began between sides of internationals representing the four Home Countries.

THE ancient buildings of the Elizabethan period have long since disappeared, and the oldest school buildings are the headmaster's house and the quadrangle built in the early years of the nineteenth century, while little remains of the original chapel of 1820, which was rebuilt some fifty years later. Its richly decorated interior contains many beautiful stained windows of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The small chapel adjoining, with remarkable windows depicting war scenes, was built as a memorial to the 686 Old Rugbeians who fell in World War One. On the lawn in front of the Temple Library and Art Museum stands the statue by Brock of Judge Thomas Hughes, overlooking the Close, seventeen acres in extent, which forms part of the school's playing fields.



RUGBY CRICKET XI. *Back:* P. Francis, E. McQ. Rose, N. M. Hunt, D. G. Trentham, R. W. Ward, J. D. W. Birts. *Front:* D. A. C. Marshall, M. J. S. Preece, R. M. H. Boddington, J. A. Dyde, G. A. A. Currie

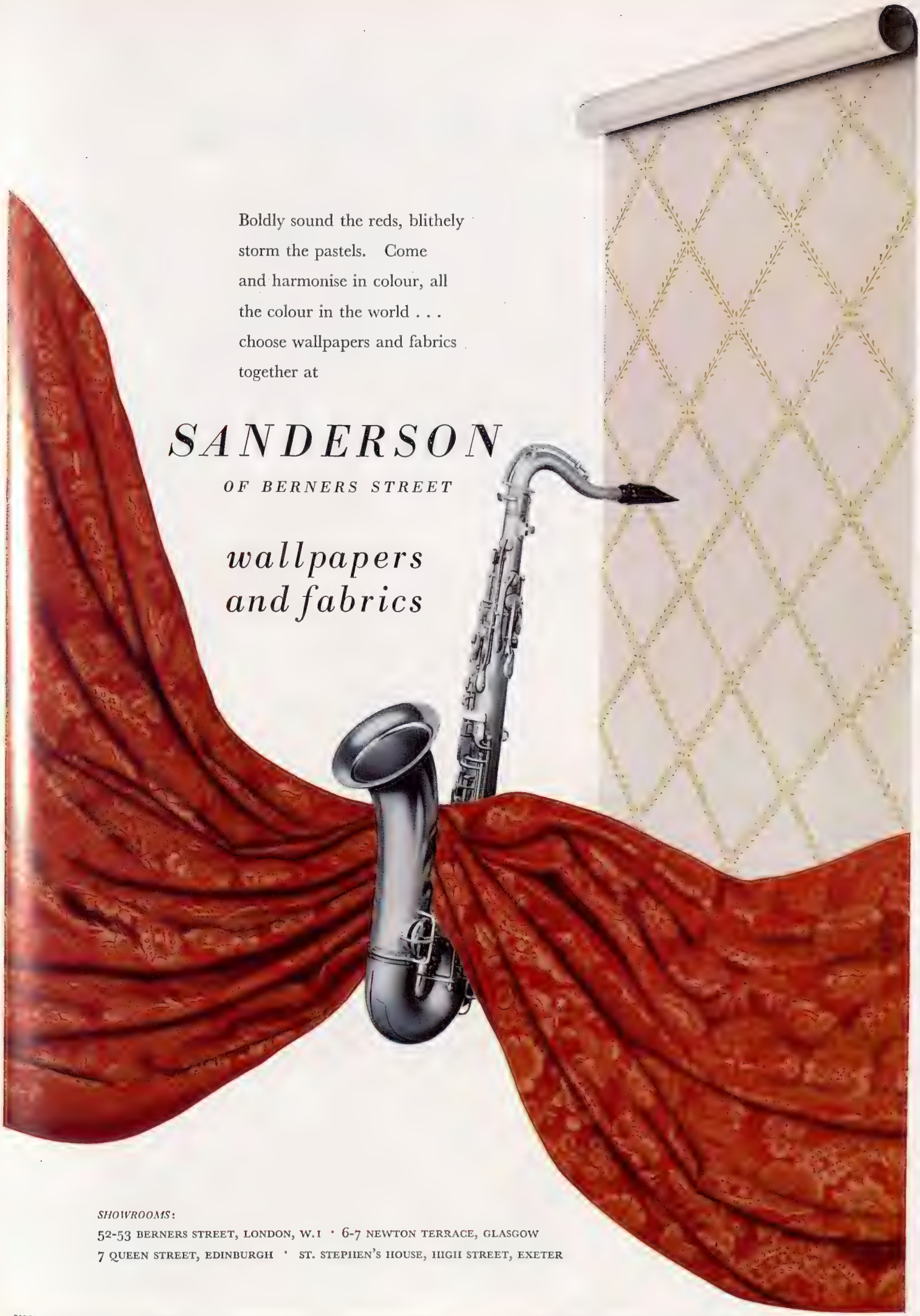
RUGBY has contributed much to the world of sport, and among Old Rugbeians appear such famous names as Ronald Poulton, one of the greatest threequarters of all times, and Adrian Stoop, who besides being a brilliant player himself did much to develop Rugby football along its present lines. Other internationals include M. S. Bradby, H. J. Kittermaster, J. McD. Hodgson, J. S. R. Reeve, J. M. Williams and M. R. Steele-Bodger, now an England selector.

Cricket was played at Rugby as early as the latter years of the eighteenth century, but it was probably unorganized and unscientific, with no professional coach until John Lillywhite was appointed in 1850. Rugby still clings to the tradition of wearing light blue shirts, a picturesque survival of earlier times, and is probably the only cricket team which still plays in coloured shirts.

In any survey of cricket the name of Sir Pelham Warner immediately comes to mind and Rugbeians are proud that one of their members should have played such a notable part both on and off the field in the cricketing affairs of the country.

OLD Rugbeians will also recall E. R. Wilson of Yorkshire and E. W. Dillon, the Kent captain and Rugby international in the early years of the century, while later C. P. Johnstone, J. L. and R. T. Bryan all played for the southern county. Between the wars Rugby provided county captains in B. H. Lyon (Gloucestershire), P. T. Eckersley (Lancashire) and E. L. Longrigg (Somerset), while other notable cricketers in the long list of county men include M. M. Walford, the England hockey captain, M. D. Lyon and J. R. Bridger.

Among its many other sporting activities Rugby ranks as the leading rackets school. Its record in the Public Schools Championship is quite remarkable.



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IMPORTANT SPORTING EVENTS IN JULY

3—5: Royal Aero Club Air Rally to Deauville
5—11: Tennis "Coupe des Nations"
15—19: International Horse Show
15—30: Pigeon Shooting (7 million francs in prizes)
16—18: Competitions between British and French M.Ps.
24—25: Women's International Air Rally

June 18—September 12

LONDON—DEAUVILLE by AIR FRANCE

Consult your travel agent or Air France

NEW GOLF (2 courses) July 16—August 2
"GRANDE QUINZAINE INTERNATIONALE"
September 2—5 "LES COUPES D'OR"

AUGUST

HORSE RACING ON TWO RACE COURSES
AUGUST 29: "GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE"
POLO: 20 important matches
August 22: "COUPE D'OR"
World Open Championship (20 goal teams)
SALE OF YEARLINGS

Gorgeous Galas at the Ambassadeurs
August Bank Holiday Gala
Two hours from Paris by Rail or Road
SEASON: EASTER to OCTOBER

Guy Serre



SIR RAYMOND QUILTER at Dunsfold Aerodrome with the late John Cobb's Napier-Railton car fitted with the new retractable braking parachute designed for jet aircraft. As can be seen, it is a remarkably neat unit

Flying

Oliver Stewart

The Parachute That Packs Itself

RE-PACKING a parachute after use looks to the uninitiated rather like unravelling a ball of string after the cat's been at it. So when I first heard that a British company had invented a "self-packing" parachute I withheld comment on the principle that one should never believe anything one hears, and only half of what one sees. Now I *have* seen it and my opinion is that it is an achievement of importance.

This parachute is for use as an air brake on landing. We have all known that some high speed jet aircraft, in both small and large sizes, take much too much runway for landing. We have also known that their runs can be shortened drastically by the use of a tail parachute brake. If all the retardation has to come from the landing wheel brakes, they wear out with alarming rapidity. The advantages of the braking parachute are plain. Its disadvantages, unfortunately, are equally plain.

AFTER it has been deployed and done its job of arresting the forward speed of the aircraft to something approaching taxiing speed, it must be jettisoned. That means that it must subsequently be retrieved and re-packed and then fitted into the aircraft again. All that takes time and man-hours and it also reduces the number of movements the aerodrome can accept. You could not land jet bombers at half-minute intervals if every one were to cast out a parachute; you could not land civil air liners at one-minute intervals if they were all using parachute brakes.

Sir Raymond Quilter devised a parachute packed in a special case at the rear end of the aircraft, capable of being extended as a brake and then withdrawn again into the container by means of an electric winch. The problems of making such a device work were many, and in order to have a convenient method of solving them Sir Raymond acquired John Cobb's old Napier-Railton racing motor-car. This was one of the finest of the many fine cars that used to be seen racing at Brooklands. It is capable of speeds approaching the two hundred miles an hour mark and it held and will for ever hold the Brooklands lap record. It is capable, therefore, of speeds the same as those of jet-engined aircraft when landing.

SEVERAL recording instruments were packed into this car. It was originally intended to mount a cinema camera to obtain complete pictures of the deployment and retraction of the parachute, but this was found impracticable. At any rate the car proved well suited to the work and the retractable braking parachute has been fully developed. The question of whether it will be fitted now depends largely upon whether designers feel that the weight penalty is acceptable. The parachute I saw working, with all its apparatus, weighs about 23 kilograms and I do not think that that represents a big increase on the ordinary, non-retractable braking parachute. So perhaps we shall see a great deal more of this ingenious British invention.

Sir Raymond Quilter has extensive practical experience of parachuting. I have seen him do hair-raising delay drops, opening the canopy at what looked to me a height of less than one hundred metres. At one of the early Guards Flying Club meetings in the great days of private flying, Sir Raymond gave a demonstration delay drop which considerably shook the assembled guests. The ambulance had begun to move off before we saw the flutter of white, as the canopy extended.

IT looks a little as if Viscounts are going to take over in the turbine transport aircraft relay race, and enable us to hold the lead originally obtained by the Comet. Orders bringing the total to over one hundred were reported in the papers a week or so ago, and there is good reason to suppose that more orders are on the way.

The Viscount deserves its success. It has proved itself in hard, regular service. And its success augurs well for the Britannia, which is a larger turbo-prop air liner capable of working on the main trunk routes. If the new Britannia engines can be sufficiently developed in time, the Britannia should be able to consolidate the gains of the Viscount. And then there will be Mr. George Edwards's new conception, the Vickers 1000 and its derivatives. They were designed for by-pass engines; but there seems now to be some possibility that they will have plain turbo-jets substituted in the production models.

However much we praise the Viscount and the Britannia, we can never feel quite so satisfied with their achievements as we would have been had the Comet continued to operate without accident. The Comet is an immense step forward—and presumably the accidents are the price it is being made to pay for the size of that step.

I personally retain my faith in the entire basic design scheme of the Comet. I believe that the Comet will come back and that the check which now seems so disastrous will prove only temporary. Much depends upon Farnborough and all who are conducting the experimental investigations. Pin down the causes of the three accidents, at Calcutta, Elba and Naples, and the Comet could be working again in a few months. I am confident that the travelling public would support it.

SUMMER air events are now coming thick and fast. This weekend there is the Royal Aeronautical Society Garden Party at London Airport. I shall hope to give some report upon it in a future issue, with special reference to the Nash collection of veteran aircraft which will be on view. Then, during the weekend following, there are the National Air Races at Baginton Aerodrome, Coventry.

The race for the King's Cup will be included among the events. It is sad to contemplate the history of this race; for it has not recently contributed to design improvements. In fact it was in 1938 that the best speed was achieved and since then the race has seemed to bring together annually an odd assortment of ancient aircraft. This year we may see the Miles Sparrowjet flying and if so that will give interest to the meeting. It has been entered by F. Dunkerley but as I write the pilot has not been nominated. Its engines are two Turboméca Palas turbo-jets.

In addition to the racing there will be on Friday and Saturday a number of demonstrations, one of them being concerned with the development of the light aeroplane, from the Hawker Cygnet to the Percival Gull Six. Altogether it is an enterprising programme and I greatly hope that this year the public will respond and will attend the meeting in sufficient numbers to make it economic. Air racing has had a difficult time since the war and we do not want to see it disappear.

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Book Reviews *(Continuing from page 588)*

A PINNER-DOWN OF BEAUTY

it is impossible not to perceive, and sometimes hard not to overstress the influence upon Mr. Skelton's writing of Marcel Proust's—this extends, even, to the deliberate length and Gallic rhythm and form of some of the sentences: of which, as I counted, at least one occupied what could have properly been a paragraph. But one cannot ignore that what Proust has left is not only a permanent but a valuable heritage, not merely for those who write but for those who feel. Awareness of experience—though the experience may be no more than that of entering a hitherto unknown room—is important: for it is out of that that not only the texture but the *real* continuity of the majority of human lives is made up. I should say therefore that Mr. Skelton, though from time to time (particularly in a trend to generalizations) he involuntarily imitates Proust, has in the main profited by him.

FOR the time of the story is 1939–40. We are aware that upon this long lulled dream the invasion of Holland is impending. The social adventures, the cosiness of the Dutch days for this only child of indulgent parents, the love-fantasies, the strolls on the sands are to be terminated—and violently. *The Charm Of Hours*, we learn from the jacket, is as a novel intended to be the first of a linked series in which the pattern of contrast will be worked out.

Alone, by chance, in the house, the boy hears—hears, he says, like the sound of eggs rolling down a roof and falling upon a balcony—the in-the-distance bombing of Rotterdam. His flight next day, in charge of his father's associate, to the boat for England, is through the smoking and bleeding city where lately he strolled, elated, after evening parties.

Mr. Skelton is fortunate, as a writer, in having not only a rare imaginative memory but a peculiar felicity as to words. He can both evoke atmosphere —in particular that of Zarndorn, with its narrow old streets and shut-up, once wealthy houses and fine sand blowing through the marine air—and pin down beauty in its minutiae. See, for instance, on page 13, the picture of shells on the sands—"pink finger-nail shells with nervous white streaks, so thin that, when wet, the sand inside was visible through the membrane which the slightest pressure would break to fragments, yet they lay strewn unbroken by the roughest sea. . . ." The human portraits, of rich and poor, are no less telling: they have, in fact, a kind of haunting more-than-reality.

★ ★ ★ ★

J. K. STANFORD, author of A BEWILDERMENT OF BIRDS (Hart-Davis, 18s.), describes himself "not as a dogmatic ornithologist or a statistician of bird behaviour, but as a slightly bewildered observer whom far too many birds have left guessing in their time." His approach to his subject, accordingly, is delightful—and not less so for, in fact, being brilliantly well-informed. Col. Stanford, as a well-known field-naturalist, can afford a modesty rare in the merely earnest. The Suffolk marshes (not yet, in his boyhood, the sanctuary they were to become), Burma and India (where he was first a Civil Servant, then a soldier), Africa and Scandinavia (where he was to find himself one of a bewilderment of visiting ornithologists) have in turn afforded him fields for study. To Suffolk, indeed, he was to return. Humour, anecdote, narrative and a no less keen though tolerant eye for the human species, make this an all-round enjoyable book—by no means for specialists only (though they should own it).

Black-and-white drawings illustrate *A Bewilderment Of Birds*: the artist, Cdr. A. M. Hughes, also is an authority on this subject, and it will be found that his knowledge and loving wit are well attuned to those of the author.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

I BELIEVE there will be many who will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to enjoy the recent ten-inch L.P. recording of a selection from Ivor Novello's *The Dancing Years*. This has been done by transferring the material from four previously issued "78" records made by Mary Ellis, Olive Gilbert, Roma Beaumont and Dunstan Hart, with of course, the late Ivor Novello, who sings, plays the piano and directs the accompanying Drury Lane Orchestra. This selection from the original show, which is to be seen on ice, is set down with complete success. (H.M.V. D.L.P.1023.)

I wish that the same remark could be applied to the four sides from the current London Hippodrome success *Wedding In Paris*, featuring Anton Walbrook, Evelyn Laye, Susan Swinford and Jeff Warren. The fault here could lie in the fact that both music and lyrics completely lack distinction, something that could never be said of the work of Ivor Novello. But I feel this is not entirely the case for neither Anton Walbrook nor Evelyn Laye sound at all happy with the transfer of their flesh and blood performance to the gramophone record. And while Susan Swinford and Jeff Warren obviously do their best, they give the impression that they are trying, which is unfortunate.

It is a great pity that these records do not come off because personalities of the calibre of Miss Laye and Mr. Walbrook are comparative rarities these days. (Parlophone R. 3863–4.)

Robert Tredinnick

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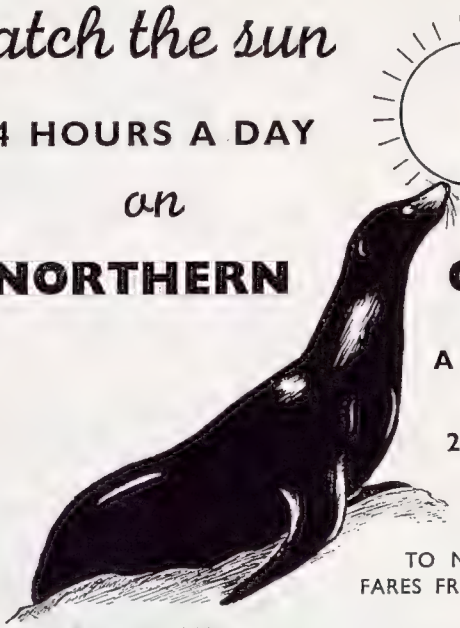
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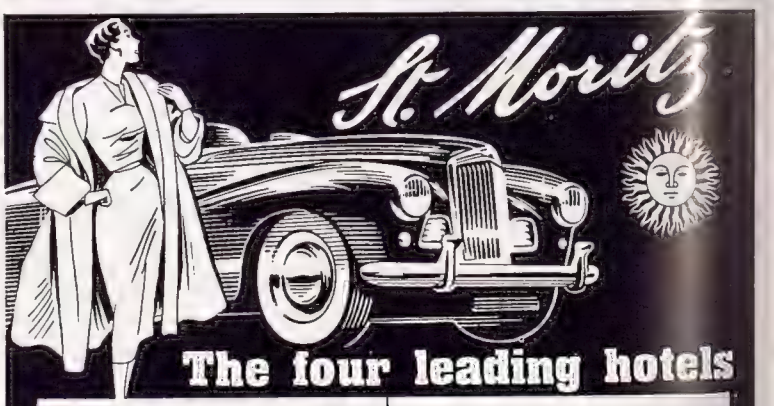
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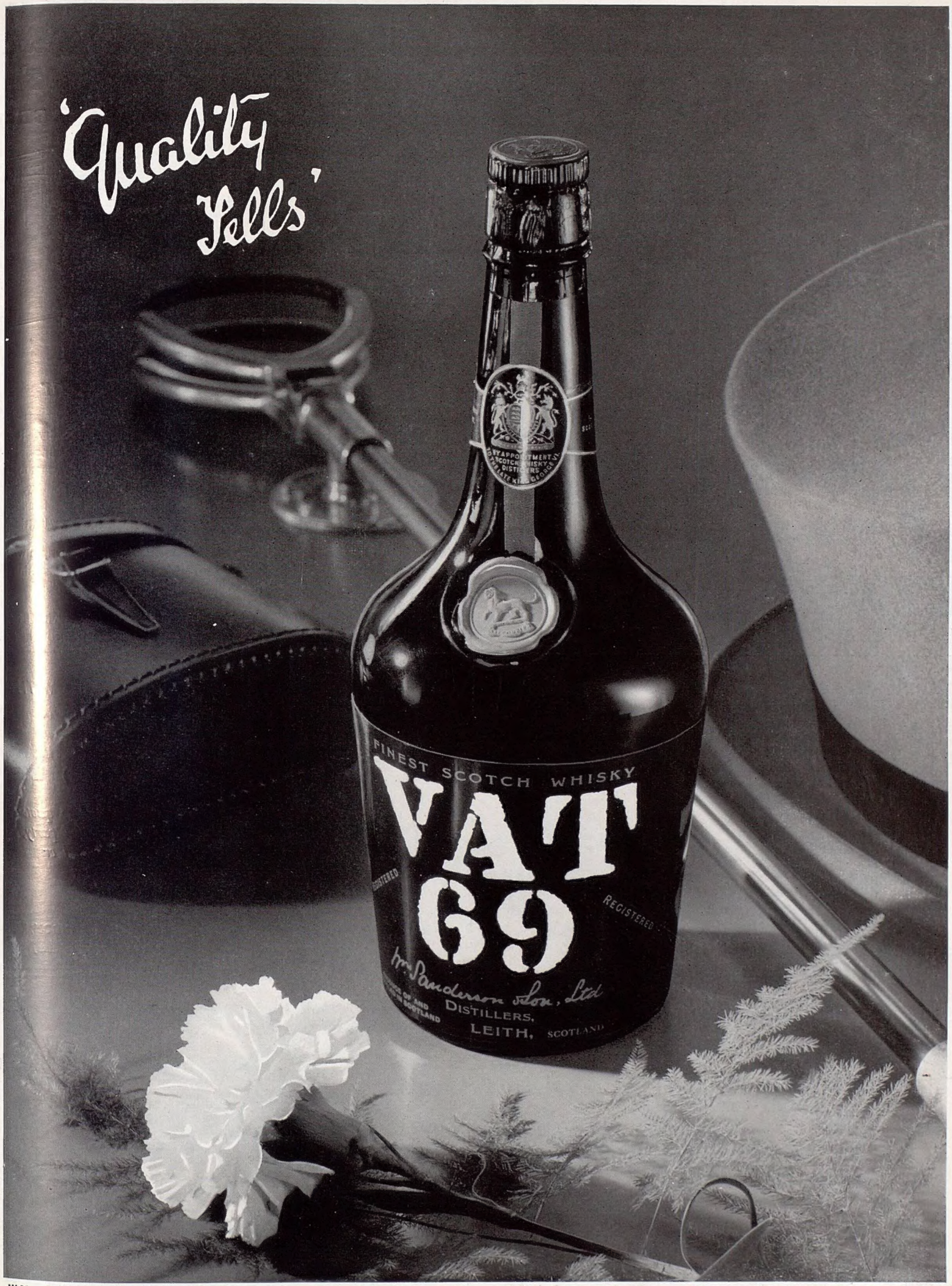


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